



# The ROTARIAN

## WANTED: A POLITICAL EMETIC

The Growing Menace in City Politics

—BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

## THE BLIGHT ON THE COLLEGE

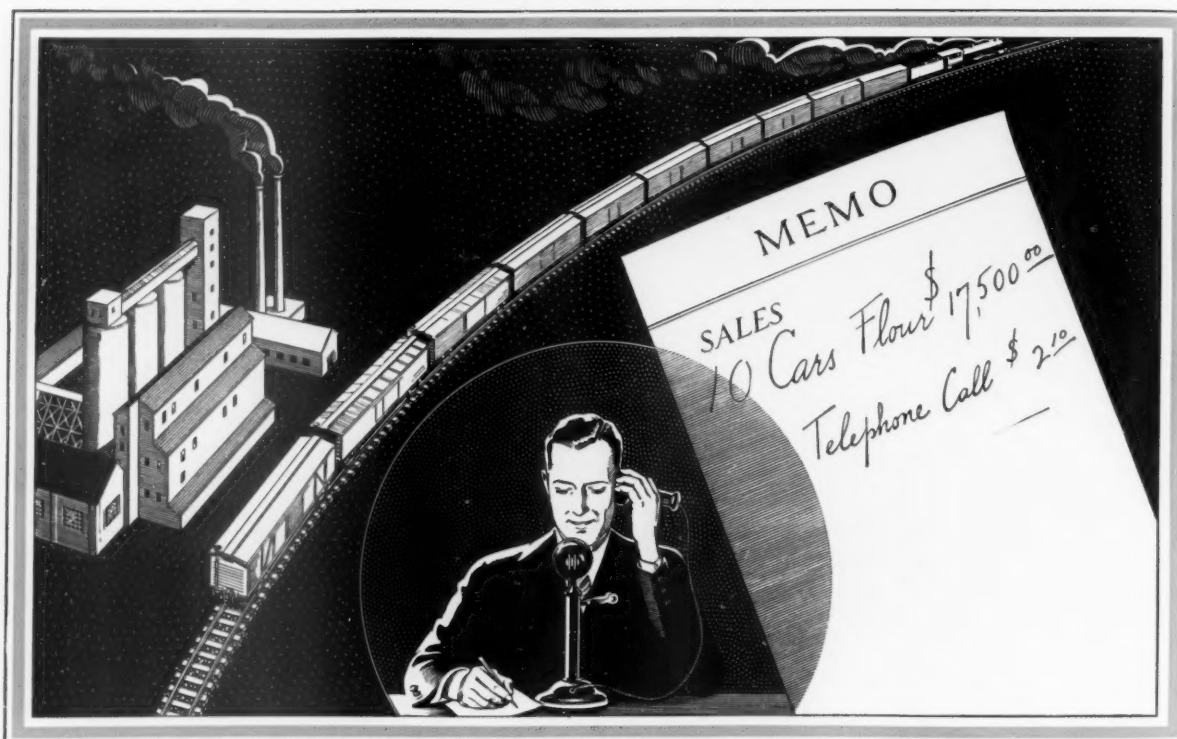
—BY MATTHEW LYLE SPENCER

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: . . Robert Lathan . . Glenn Frank  
Private Peat . . Merlin H. Aylesworth . . George S. Chappell

SPENCER

VENTY FIVE CENTS **MARCH 1930** ONE SHILLING

# He Closed a sale for 10 carloads of flour by Telephone



THE SALES MANAGER of a Columbus, Ohio, flour company placed a telephone call to a customer in Roanoke, Virginia. In less than four minutes he sold ten carloads of flour valued at \$17,500. Cost of call, \$2.10. In one month the telephone expenditure for the company was \$65 and brought in orders for approximately \$300,000 worth of flour.

Telephone calls between distant cities are increasing sales for all types of concerns. A coal wholesaler of Abilene, Kansas, sells 90% of his tonnage by telephone, and increases his sales each year. During the spring storage-taking period, he reaches out by telephone and sells from

twenty to one hundred carloads of coal a day.

Business by telephone is the growing economy today. A Decker, Indiana, fruit company distributes 80% of its volume by telephone. An oil company of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio does 95% of its annual business—\$3,000,000—over the telephone.

What percentage could you add to your business by telephone contacts? Ask your local Bell Business Office to help you survey your needs. You may be overlooking telephone opportunities for increased business. Bell Telephone Service is . . . *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*



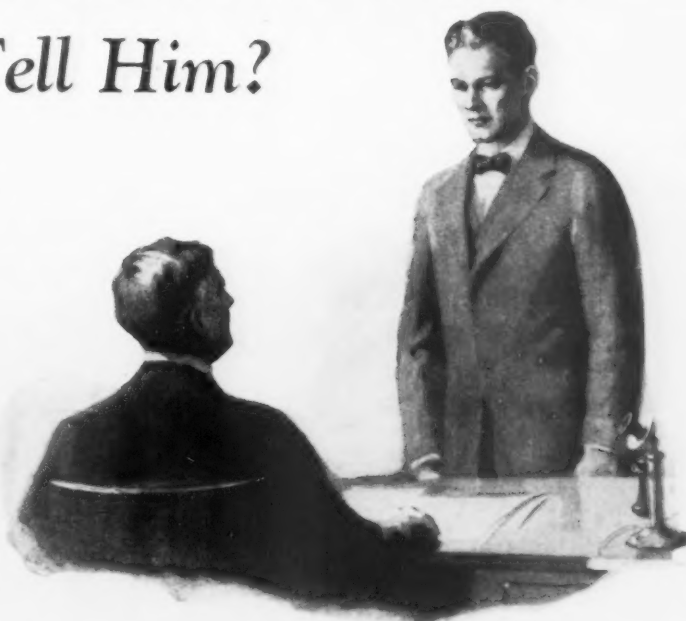
# When He Asks You for a "Raise"— What Do You Tell Him?

A fine loyal fellow—John Jones! Been with the house six years—and regularly he asks for a "raise."

What do you tell him on those embarrassing occasions?—What can you tell him?

If you explain that you're already carrying him at more than he earns just because you like him—just because he is so loyal to you—he's bound to conclude grimly that you "want it all yourself"—

And so—just because you like to reward his loyalty—every now and then you boost his pay, even to the point where his work shows you not a profit but a loss!



## Why Not Help Him Get Ready for a "Raise"—Help Him Save You Money and Increase Your Profits?

Really, isn't it unfair to penalize your business, when there is a way whereby you can help "John Jones" earn his raise? A way whereby you can help him develop latent abilities worth thousands of dollars to you?

You know—but probably he doesn't—that the surest way to get more pay is to be worth more, that "raises" come easily to the man who grows constantly in ability to serve his employer, and that he can speed up his advancement by studying the experience of others.

*Why not tell him this?*

Tell him, for instance, of H. E. Stiffler, who instead of asking for a "raise" turned to LaSalle Extension University for home-study training in Traffic Management.

"Just one year from the time I completed your training," writes Mr. Stiffler—who, at that time was Traffic Manager of the Marion Steam Shovel Company, Marion, Ohio—"my annual report to our General Manager showed a net saving of \$45,502. It was LaSalle training that enabled me to make this showing and to win the unsolicited raise which followed."

\* \* \*

Tell him also about H. M. Allee—for fifteen years draftsman, machine shop foreman, machine designer—

When he became Production Manager of the Chicago Telephone Supply Company, Elkhart, Indiana, manufacturers of

telephones, telephone parts, and radio parts, the problems of his new job baffled him.

And so Mr. Allee, acting on his own initiative, turned to LaSalle for home-study training in Industrial Management.

And—things began to happen!

"Progress in our production efficiency within the past few months has been nothing short of remarkable. The plans which Mr. Allee has introduced have given us an almost perfect production control." So wrote F. C. Best, President of the Company.

Surely no one—least of all his employer—could begrudge Mr. Allee the very substantial salary-increase which came to him as a reward well earned!

\* \* \*

Again, show him how LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy enabled Ernest W. Neir, Manager of the Hotel Rowe, Grand Rapids, to take that property "out of the red" and place it on a profit-making basis—with a subsequent salary-increase for himself.

Add that LaSalle training in Business Management enabled Henry L. Baker, starting as shipping clerk with the Owen Card Publishing Co. Inc., Elmira, N.Y., to keep pace with the growth of his company—until today he swings the job of Secretary and General Manager.

How to cut costs—how to meet increasing competition—how to maintain profits—that's a real problem, isn't it! And any method that offers reasonable hope of success deserves a thorough investigation.

LaSalle has tackled this problem at its most vulnerable point—the loss occasioned by inefficiency of the human element. Through 21 years of home-study training it has developed and proved a plan for making the individual employee—whether already at the top or on the way up—worth more to the company he serves.

"As I see it," commented E. M. Statler, late head of the great Statler chain of hotels, "the LaSalle Plan of business training helps our employees to grow in character, in knowledge, in ability and in responsibility. It teaches them to think. It makes them better informed about business. It enables them to become better executives."

A letter will bring complete details of the LaSalle Plan of training for your employees—or, if you prefer, complete information about our plan for increasing your own success as an executive—and it's well worth having. Write for it on your business letterhead.

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While you're planning, route your trip on the picturesque St. Lawrence Seaway, for it saves you two days open sea! You'll sail from Montreal or charming old Quebec... past quaint French-Canadian villages, clustered at the water's edge or set picture-like on rugged mountain sides. It's one of the most glorious river journeys in the world! And what a treat to see still another country on your way to Europe—leaving only 4 days on the open Atlantic!

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## TO THE ORIENT

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## Next Month—



Albert  
Payson  
Terhune

### Albert Payson Terhune

**F**AMOUS breeder of thoroughbred collies and notable American writer on social and business questions—and collies—discusses the appalling losses in power, prestige, influence, and wealth suffered by the business man who is unable to hold his temper in leash in exasperating and critical situations.

### Walter Locke

**C**ONTRASTS the careful supervision given funds of the Community Chest by business men with the neglect they usually accord the politically administered city treasury, which receives \$174 in taxes to every \$1 contributed to the Chest.

### John H. Sorrells

**"I** Hate Babbitts . . . But I Am One of Them." Under this title, Mr. Sorrells draws interesting, live pictures of the two kinds of Babbitts, and gives his opinion as to which is typical of the Rotarian or Kiwanian or Lion. "Six days a week I love these human, dynamic, interesting fellows," he says, "but on Rotary Day—oh, how I hate some of them!"

*These and other distinguished writers will discuss  
timely and worth-while questions*

**—in the April Number**



# The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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**H**IS Royal Highness, Gustaf Adolf, Crown Prince of Sweden, scientist, world traveller and explorer-extraordinary in the oriental mysteries of Chinese archaeology, is also an enthusiastic golfer and athlete of note, representing his country in the Olympic Games of 1912. He is an Honorary Member of the Rotary Club of Stockholm, and in his speech accepting membership said, "I shall do my utmost to represent worthily the 'Crown Prince' Classification."

# Four Rights That Men Fight For

By Glenn Frank

*President of University of Wisconsin*

**W**HEN we set out to think about peace it behooves us to give our minds a bath in realism.

There are four basic economic rights that every virile industrial nation is convinced it must enjoy if it is to be a creative and contented member of the family of nations.

The right of transit.

The right of trade.

The right of investment.

The right of migration.

The modern industrial nation believes that its prosperity and its progress require these four things:

First, that the interstate railways, the canals, the seas, and the ports of the world shall be open for the entry and transit of its goods.

Second, that in access to markets it shall not be unduly discriminated against.

Third, that its free capital shall not be denied adequate play and equal privilege in the development of the backward territories of the world.

Fourth, that its surplus population shall not be barred from entering more sparsely settled regions of greater opportunity.

I do not say that the unlimited granting of these four rights would automatically insure peace.

There are several tons of dynamite in each of these demands.

Each great industrial nation has its own policies; each one looks at these four economic rights from within the circle of its own interests. But there is a problem involved which the statesmen must solve.

I suggest only that for these four rights peoples have always fought, and that for them peoples will

Trade wars arise from a conflict of four economic rights. Once the statesman excels the soldier in safe-guarding these basic rights, a prolific source of war will then be eliminated.

probably continue to fight until the statesman excels the soldier in devising for all nations guaranties that the needs which are represented by these demands shall be met.

Peace propaganda cannot give peace to the world.

That is a task of economic engineering.

**B**UT it is in the wise handling of these crassly material things rather than in the high dreams of political peace makers that humanity's hope of relief from war lies.

Nations are not going to lightly cast aside the instruments and the methods of the old order until there is trustworthy evidence that these four economic needs will be adequately dealt with by the new order.

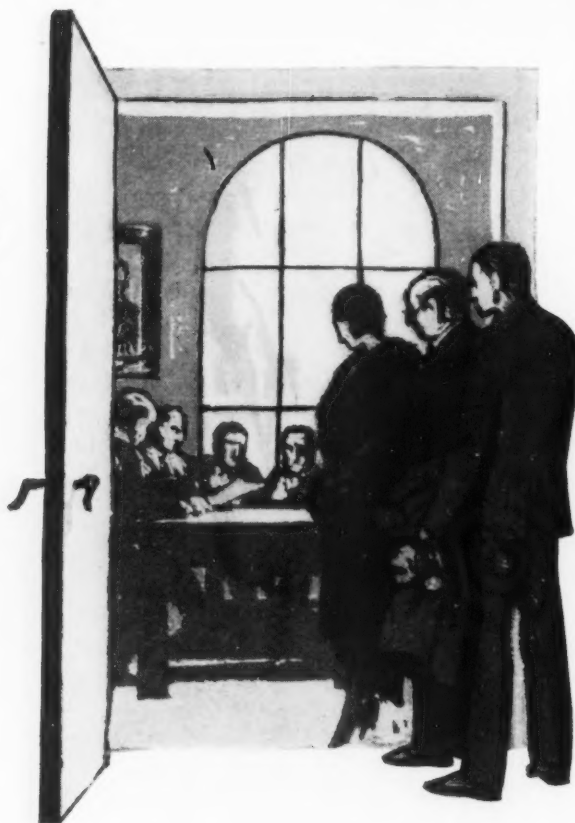
Racial customs are rooted too deeply, tariff walls too much of an advantage to favored nations, and trade prerogatives held too precious to be relinquished without some compensating factor to take their place.

There is one thing of which we may be very certain. We cannot rationalize the military policies of the world until we have harmonized the economic relations of the world.

Humanity, with its diverse tastes and temperaments, is not hospitable to any idea of an international economic super-state that would force the nations to stand in a sort of international bread-line awaiting ration tickets for food-stuffs, raw materials, and cargo space.



*"There were no secret meetings, no caucuses . . . the door was always open."*



*Illustrations by  
Wilfred Jones*

## Wanted: A Political Emetic

By Meredith Nicholson

**S**ERVICE is a large word. It has been said in varying phrase by many wise men that he who serves best some good cause best serves himself. Most men have some interest beyond business and golf. Many give time to church affairs, a particular philanthropy, or serve valiantly in community-chest campaigns. Here are forms of service admirable in all ways. However, my concern in these reflections is with politics—not partisan affairs but the business of good government.

By the wailing-wall I have howled for a good many years that it is every citizen's duty to take a hand. I have been much wrought up at times because the best citizens very frequently take little interest in local affairs. I have maintained that it is bad business for a town to be widely advertised as a place tolerant of stupid or corrupt government.

Four years ago my home town (Indianapolis) entered upon the most deplorable period in its his-

Why are business men who are the natural enemies of waste, reluctant to aid the cause of clean politics by destroying the political graftsman?

tory. The state had been invaded by the Kluxers and that utterly un-American organization gripped the capital city. Not only the civil city but the school city felt its blighting influence. Indianapolis became a center of news—bad news! And the press associations bore afar the melancholy report that a city long favorably known to the world as a cultural center was in turmoil.

I must be acquitted of any partisan bias in what I am saying. Indeed the plight in which the city found itself was not chargeable against the party in power but against a corrupt element that had made ignoble use of its symbol. The party that suffered had had an opportunity to nominate a first-class man

for mayor, but his faction was unable to carry the primary. The other party offered a creditable citizen who put up a good fight but went down in defeat. The episode offers a most impressive illustration of the folly of partisanship in municipal affairs. The only issue was a good administration or a bad one. Neither the tariff nor the League of Nations nor the management of the Philippines was involved. One would have thought that the candidate without sinister alliances, whose ability was unquestioned, would have won out; but he didn't! The cracking of the party whip solidified the party with the unpromising candidate, and he was assisted in scoring a victory by recruits that flocked to his banner from the opposing party.

**T**ROUBLE began at once, and I need not rehearse the history of the next two years. The mayor was convicted of a violation of the corrupt practices act, and seven councilmen, indicted for bribery, were willing to quit. The mayor was replaced with a citizen, formerly United States district attorney, and of the minority party, who rendered a splendid serv-

*"A superstition has grown up about bosses—that they possess some rare genius which makes them invincible."*

ice to his community in tranquilizing the troubled waters.

It was through and by the unusual processes here indicated that I found myself quite unexpectedly thrust into the city council. The seven indicted members of that body were willing to compromise with the prosecuting attorney by electing their successors from a list furnished by the Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations, paying a fine, and resigning. I was on the list, probably because I had been yelping so dismally because nobody would do anything.

Two members of the original council were men of the highest character and of demonstrated business ability. They had held on heroically through all vicissitudes. They and the six who were chosen as I was were as fine a group of upstanding citizens as could be assembled anywhere. A uniquely representative bunch: A retired merchant, once postmaster; an able lawyer, the secretary of an important life-insurance company; a former printer, later engaged in the laundry business and zealous for years in civic movements; the personnel officer of one of the city's largest industries; a wholesale merchant; two retail merchants, one of them with large interests





*"There are rewards  
not to be computed  
in dollars, in render-  
ing such service."*

in various fields and a student of municipal problems here and in Europe; a realtor and contractor who had fought in the world war. Here were eight high-grade men, who gave unselfishly of their time to the city's business. As for myself, the ninth member, I cheerfully volunteer the information that I was the least valuable member of the body.

**T**HIS council, functioning in perfect harmony with the mayor, at once restored confidence in the city government. Our town ceased to be a center of sensational news. I learned a good deal in the twenty months I served as councilman and my old conviction that there are no unimportant offices was strengthened. The member of a board of village trustees can impart to his office as much dignity and he can render a service quite as important to his community as a member of congress or one of the president's cabinet. The salary of a councilman in Indianapolis is fifty dollars a month. I have heard that one of the members who retired under pressure had said that a councilman ought to make ten thousand a year out of the job. And I can see that it would be possible for such a place to be made quite profitable.

Certain features of the council of which I was a

member are noteworthy. We never once had a partisan division on any question. I never thought of my associates in terms of partisanship. On every matter of importance we met as a committee of the whole. There were no secret meetings; no caucuses. Reporters or anybody else who wanted to hear the committee discussions were welcome to attend. The door was always open.

Having in this way threshed out matters freely and frankly in the manner of a directors' meeting, the vote in the council sessions was unanimous on practically every question. The only matters on which we divided were daylight saving and parking on the circular street that encloses the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument.

I was greatly impressed by the very evident desire of all the members to do the fair and square thing. This was marked in the case of annexations and where remonstrators against improvements ordered by the board of works appealed to the council. Where the petitioners complained that the improvements would work a hardship on them they received the most sympathetic consideration. Indeed, as to all matters we gave everybody a chance to be heard whether the law required it or not. The budget was scrutinized with the [Continued on page 58]



*The King of England speaking over the radio at the opening of the Five-Power Naval Reduction Conference*



*Photo: Underwood & Underwood*

## **"Hello America, This Is Europe!"**

**By Merlin H. Aylesworth**

*President, National Broadcasting Company*

**T**HE first radio signal was sent across the Atlantic Ocean just a few months more than twenty years ago. That was merely a signal which definitely proved that radio communication across the ocean was possible. Radio broadcasting of any kind is only ten years old. The engineers were still experimenting with the possibility of exchanging programs with British and European stations during 1929. Sometimes their efforts were successful and sometimes they were not. There were a great many natural difficulties to overcome; and I may add that there still are; such for example, as the fact that a sunrise or sunset between the sending and receiving stations interferes very badly. There is also the difficulty of timing a program for world-wide reception.

This difficulty of course will never be overcome. But when the engineering phases of the problem are more nearly mastered special arrangements for international broadcasts can be made at the sending end so that reception for an overseas' audience will be at convenient hours.

Transcending every barrier, the radio brings the human voice into the hearts and homes of people in distant lands, ignoring differences and exalting common interests.

You may not have thought about the matter but if you will study your globe in terms of Greenwich Time you will note that an evening program in New York City would be received in London tomorrow and in Australia yesterday. These difficulties, however, can either be met by special arrangement or, if they are mechanical, removed.

The question before the men who are pioneering this very young but very important new art is what to do with international broadcasting. What shall the air carry? We of the National Broadcasting Company are determined that the dignity of the programs exchanged internationally shall be worthy of the marvelous achievement of the engineers. As late as the summer of 1929 we were still doubtful



*Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the  
(U. S.) National Broadcasting Company*

*Photo: Harris & Ewing*

about announcing programs from abroad because of the danger that they might not be received. By December, however, so much progress had been made that we were able to state with reasonable certainty that we would exchange Christmas programs with England, Holland, and Germany, and we did so. That was the first outstandingly successful international broadcast. And it is no accident that it carried across four frontiers a message of "peace on earth to men of good will."

**R**ADIO broadcasting has the unique opportunity to present diverse nationalities to each other in terms of the music that they love and such other expressions of their intellectual and artistic achievements as can be transmitted by sound. I think you will see at once that this omits very little. I like the idea of presenting nations to each other through the entertainment provided by their greatest minds and artists. In this lofty realm we see them at their best. Here there are no international barriers. Beauty and culture carry neither swords nor banners. Their home is in the hearts and minds of wholesome men

and women everywhere. The statement of this fact becomes a declaration of the plans and policies that shall guide us in arranging for the sending and receiving of programs across the oceans.

**W**HEN the American delegation to the London Naval Parley sailed from New York on the "George Washington," among the reporters accompanying them was William Hard, a distinguished and scholarly journalist, who went as the representative of the National Broadcasting Company. His oral reports by radio from London you have no doubt heard. He was the first reporter to be sent abroad to speak into a microphone and not to write. This phase of international broadcasting is destined to become increasingly important. The task undertaken by Mr. Hard is totally different from that of the men who write. I do not think that the reporter at the microphone can ever supplant the reporter who writes but the two can and will supplement each other. Of the two the man on the air has the far more difficult task. He must present with great brevity a synopsis and a digest that will throw light upon the more complete work of the writers. He must have ability as an organizer and he must display infinite tact in his work.

When the Naval Parley opened, the National Broadcasting Company had the honor of offering to the American public through its vast network of radio stations the opening speech of King George V. I regard that as an historic and momentous event. Beyond question the time will come when the voices of the rulers of the greatest nations of the earth will be familiar to the ranchmen of South Dakota, South Africa, and South America.

The time will come when the voice of the president of the United States will be recognized instantly when heard through the cottager's receiving set, regardless of where that cottage may be. It must be that such a new condition will work toward international peace and good-will. It must be because we are bound to assume that the dominant characteristics of the human race are wholesome, peaceful, and constructive. If that is not true then we are lost. If it is true we have but to know and understand each other in order to be working toward a new and almost inconceivably glorious era in international relations. The time is not very far distant when

it will be a common occurrence to hear the greeting, "Hello America, this is Europe!" No cold language of diplomacy in that friendly "hello."

Some of the greatest minds that statecraft has ever claimed were endeavoring, prior to the outbreak of war in 1914, to declare the bases for peace in the face of the threat of war but they had no facilities for addressing the world quickly. If that situation were to recur tomorrow, men of similar mind and intelligence could speak to the entire world. Think what that might mean. If two great nations today were on the brink of war and the premier or president or king of one wished to address the people of the other as well as his own people on the pending issues I doubt that any government would dare refuse him a hearing.

**T**HESE are among the possibilities that come to mind as we launch upon the great task of introducing international radio broadcasting.

From time to time there are gatherings of men from various countries—men who think in terms of the solidarity of the human race rather than in terms of national differences. The men I have in mind represent international business; the advancement of science which, in its loftier realms, is always international; the advancement of learning and public health; the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace, which Rotarians have as their Sixth Object. If there are tariff problems these men are not concerned with them. In order to do their jobs at all they must conceive of the human race as a brotherhood. Some of the finest, forward-looking thought of our age is presented orally before such

*Right: Frederick W. Wile, announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System at the London Naval Conference. Below: William Hard, radio reporter at the Naval Conference for the National Broadcasting Company.*



*Photo: Harris & Ewing*



*Photo: Stein*

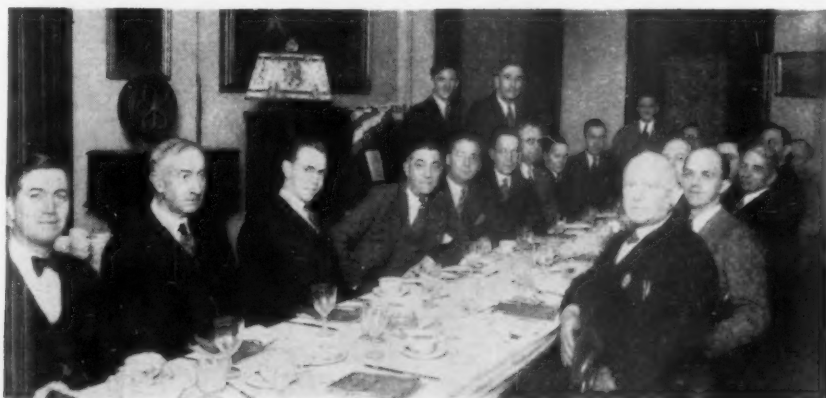
*Makers of radio history—The first two radio reporters to broadcast a world event to an audience across the seas.*

gatherings. But they are usually small. They are never sensational; and, in short, they make very poor headlines. I am inclined to think that over the air we are going to hear the thoughts and aspirations of these men along with news of their achievements.

No material benefit can come to a country because of world leadership in broadcasting. It cannot be exported for profit. Since there is no material advantage in leadership, so there would be no material loss if leadership passed to another country.

Thus radio broadcasting has the natural qualifications to serve as a splendid means for better international acquaintanceship. In its own field it has no nationalistic quarrels. Its destiny is marked out by

its physical characteristics; it must serve a great purpose. This is the vision of its place in the world that inspires the executives of the National Broadcasting Company as we grapple with the important details of the job.



*Rising in time for six o'clock breakfast Rotarians of Roselle Park, New Jersey, listen in as King George opens the London Naval Conference.*



The severity of current criticism of educational methods in our colleges, coming from within and without, moves the president of a state university to give his opinion in no uncertain terms.

# The Blight on the College

By **Matthew Lyle Spencer**

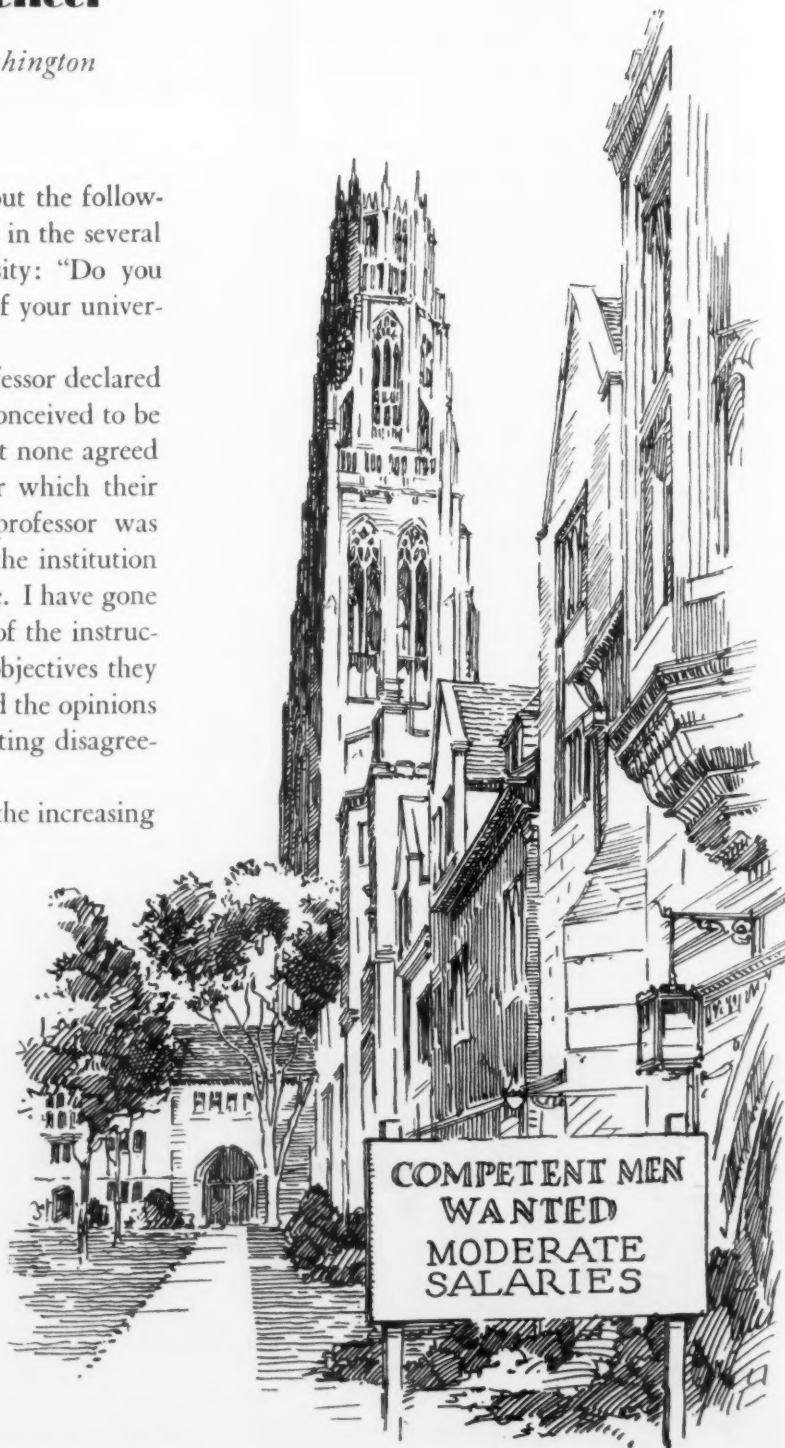
*President of the University of Washington*

**R**ECENTLY I had occasion to put the following question to a number of professors in the several non-professional schools of a university: "Do you know what the educational objective of your university is?"

In every instance except one the professor declared he knew, and each gave me what he conceived to be the *raison d'être* for his institution. But none agreed by a wide margin on the purpose for which their university existed. In one case the professor was frank to say he had never thought of the institution as having or needing a specific objective. I have gone farther than this and asked a number of the instructors in particular departments for the objectives they were seeking in their courses, and found the opinions in not only wide, but definitely conflicting disagreement.

Attention has been called recently to the increasing frequency and severity of current criticism of education, particularly in its upper branches. So far as I am aware, it has not been noted that of the criticisms of higher education, as many come from those who are directly engaged in the work as from those who are not.

This circumstance should give comfort. If college executives and the public were both satisfied with the character of the education provided nowadays, there would be cause for genuine fear. But the fact of their common discontent with present conditions should be regarded as a forecast of ultimate correction of the



prevailing weaknesses. Such a forecast is encouraging, as the apparent weaknesses in education are both great and fundamental.

**R**OTARIANS undoubtedly are aware of the outward evidences of weakness. They are aware because they always have interested themselves in education in all its branches. But if one may judge from the average address given on education at our weekly luncheons, Rotarians are not aware of the fundamental causes that lie back of the criticisms voiced by so many of the speakers.

To my thinking, the greatest and the fundamental weakness in American education comes from the fact that the brightest minds are withdrawn from it. I do not mean to convey the idea that individual great minds are not in education, but that, on the one hand, the great imaginative and creative genius of America is not in it, and on the other, that the machinery and the range of higher education have outgrown completely the minds of the men available to direct it.

It may be questioned whether an important innovation in educational practice has been made in this country except as a result of pressure or compulsion from without. In the motor, airplane, or radio industries, executives design next year's machines this year. They do not wait for the public to demand improvements; they anticipate wants. In education, however, vision has been lacking to foresee and prepare for the social structures of the future. Those who might have proved to be the commanding educational statesmen of our day, and of future days, have been enticed into commerce or industry or other professions than education and the ministry, neither of which has been offering adequate inducements that are necessary in order to command the services of the brightest minds.

Every board of trustees knows the feeling approaching panic that it experiences on the loss of a brilliant president. And almost every president knows the distress he suffers when a great instructor resigns from his staff. He knows the dreary, disheartening search ahead for an adequate successor. And he knows the relative certainty of ultimate compromise on one who is either a gamble or merely nearly good. Especially is this true in the professional schools, where industry is offering salaries, laboratories, and research equipment superior to anything in all but a very few universities and colleges. The executive finds a plentiful supply of applicants. But those who

would come to him at the salary and with the equipment that he has to offer, he does not want; while those applicants whom he desires, cannot be enticed with his proffers.

Yet if education is to command confidence and respect in the future, if it is to treasure and convey to coming generations the wisdom of the ages by which those future generations may solve their problems and direct their lives most effectively, it must hold within its ranks the brightest minds of today, the minds that are capable of discovering, recognizing, and assaying unerringly the valuable trends and aims in the social life. If it continues engaging its present proportion of second-rate minds—minds, too many of which make knowledge an end in itself, that stifle the desire of youth for learning, that do not relate the education of boys and girls to the kind of life they are going to live, that stuff book knowledge into their heads without teaching them to think—we must expect it to fail in its highest purposes.

**T**HE great genius of America is not in education—in either secondary or higher education, in either the presidential or the professorial chairs. Individual universities have individual brilliant men—a rare mind here and there, though many institutions do not have even a single one—but the great imaginative genius is absent. This is the fundamental cause for the widespread criticism today, and until correction is effected, in large measure at least, we may expect dissatisfaction not only to continue, but to increase. And it is depressing to believe that correction will not be made soon.

This fundamental cause for inanition has existed always in our school systems in varying degrees at different times, and accounts for the fact that we have quantity, but not quality in higher education now. The resultant weaknesses are many. Space is available for discussion of only two, however, and I select first the lack of a prevailing philosophy of education in the average college, as a consequence of which adequate objectives are not found. With the varying philosophies of life that mankind has, it is doubtful if unanimity of opinion regarding a philosophy of education can be obtained in any institution. On the contrary, there are certain express, clearly defined, and specifically accepted objectives which may be had, and should be had, in every college.

But if instructors and professors in individual col-

leges or departments do not know or cannot agree on what they are seeking in their work, how can the supporting public expect other than a muddled product to issue from the schools? Vague statements are made about knowledge, learning, culture; but these terms seem often to be little more than shibboleths that evidence a lack of keenness of thought on the subject.

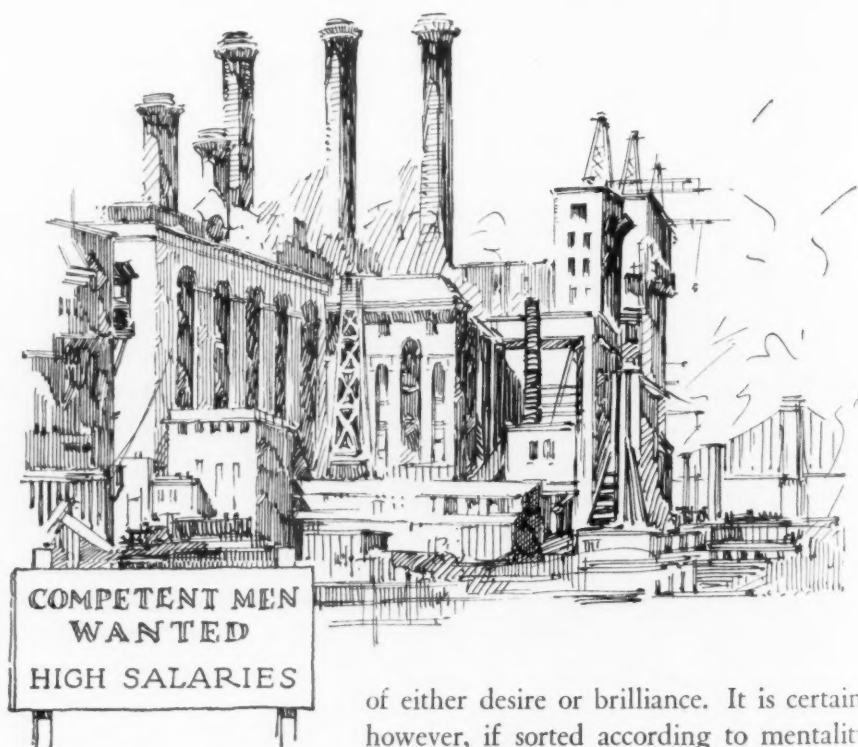
**M**UCH treasure is being wasted by this absence of objectives in higher education. Particularly is this statement true in publicly supported institutions. An educational survey of various states would disclose vast sums wasted on duplicated courses and huge plants and equipment that need never have been, had the institutions had definitely defined purposes.

If the institutions of higher learning then are not themselves clear in their objectives, what may we expect as a resultant in the students? Would it be amazing if we find the institutions graduating a hodge-podge of minds that do not have unified concepts of life in general or an adequate understanding of what is involved in cultural living? Without certain definite objectives, too, may we not expect what we actually have in almost all institutions of higher learning—hordes of unhomogeneous students, with minds that are so widely varying in power as to be practically unteachable as a whole.

The memory of the first circus I ever attended comes to mind. Shortly after the grand procession, and preliminary to the great trapeze acts, a chariot came into the arena drawn by a white horse, a diminutive dog, a goat, and a donkey—all four abreast. The contrast between the size of the horse and the dog was itself mirthful. But at the center of the arena the dog stopped suddenly, turned around in his harness, and began biting the heels of the goat. The goat began butting the donkey on one side and kicking the horse on the other, whereupon all possibility of progress stopped. Bedlam ruled in consequence, and much laughter was had by the peanut-

eating onlookers. The quartet of animals could not be harnessed together successfully, although any one of them might have been handled singly.

**I**N OUR colleges and universities we are attempting to do a similar thing with the diversified types of students we permit to enter. We have our splendid thoroughbreds, our playful terriers, our goats, and our donkeys, all in the same institution. And we think to educate them in a common curriculum! Such a purpose is unattainable. Some of them are as brilliant and as ambitious for learning as were ever the great scholars of old. Some have the brilliance of mind without the desire. And some are innocent



of either desire or brilliance. It is certain, however, if sorted according to mentality and purpose, if grouped into a homogeneous whole, all could be educated profitably beyond their high-school years.

Dean Max McConn has divided the present generation of college men and women into three unhomogeneous classes. I prefer to divide it into four accepting however Dean McConn's general criticism. First in point of numbers, if not in importance, come the vocationalists—those who are not bent on learning as such, but who want vocational training without regard to high cultural values—for the sake of earning more money and obtaining a little more advanced station in life. Often they come from generations of ancestors who have known toil and meager resources, and who have taught [Continued on page 54]





Illustrations  
by Tony Sarg

"... or to use a less vulgar phrase, twisting Mr. Man around her little finger."

Desperately clutching an alibi in the interests of his own domestic bliss, a submissive husband leads this harangue on the vital subject of feminine encroachment.

## The Superior Sex

By Dwight Marvin

**S**INCE woman emancipated herself with the vote, short hair and the single standard she has begun to realize what men have always known, and denied with their tongues in their cheeks—that she represents the superior sex.

She it was who wrote the first code of ethics, we may believe, and she has continued to write codes ever since. It is not without meaning that we speak of our communal customs, in the aggregate, as *Mrs. Grundy*. Woman made them.

She it was who amused herself from time immemorial getting the masculine goat, or, to use a less-vulgar phrase, twisting Mr. Man around her little finger. Man thought he courted woman, but he didn't. He simply reacted to the studied stimulus of the superior sex.

She it was who told man how to behave. Man, little-boylike, showed a rare delight in departing

from the narrow pathway of rectitude and trying not to get caught. And woman laughed in her sleeve—if, at the moment, it happened to suit her convenience to wear sleeves—because she had prepared for the inevitable waywardness of man by making the rules a little severer than she really required, so as to permit occasional infractions without serious damage to her ideals.

**S**HE ruled the world by a wink or a gesture while sitting calmly by, smiling the inscrutable smile of a Mona Lisa, and letting her ridiculous mate think he did it.

She gave birth to man-children, trained them as she would, told them fascinating fairy stories, such as Red Riding Hood, The Three Bears, and the funnier story of man's superiority; and then she sent them out into the world half believing the stories to

be true—but knowing that she had bound them forever to woman's apron-strings by the subtle suggestions of infancy.

Even the nursery rhyme arrives at the same conclusion: Men are made of snarls and snails and puppy-dogs' tails and women of sugar and spice and everything nice. That is the fodder children for generations have been fed; and tradition records that the rhyme was written by a woman, Mother Goose. But men are taught in the most impressionable age to believe it and they never quite get rid of the idea.

**A**FTER women have dangled men for a while, they marry them; and men, by common consent, with all their worldly goods their wives endow. Then the women make a home something men never have had the capacity to make. They fix their husbands' social position, drag them to church, to bridge parties, to visit hideous relatives. Sometimes they fail. But, as Bernard Shaw or the Apostle Paul fittingly put it, so long as divorce is front-page stuff, so long must marriage be conceded to be a successful institution.

Superior? Well, very much so! What's the use of fooling ourselves? Mrs. Pankhurst and Carrie Nation tried to break into masculine rights with hammer and matchet. Slender slips of girls paraded streets and endured insults while demanding "Equality." Silly, unnecessary spectacle! No need to employ such absurd tactics. Did they sincerely think women could get this equality only by such a process? Certainly not. For the laws to which they were objecting were merely what other generations of women had found to be, at the time, to their best advantage. Times had changed and with them fickle, uncertain women had changed, not in nature but in desire—and it has always been the privilege of women to change their minds. So to the Capitol or the House of Commons they marched with a great deal of outward dignity in order to demand their feminine "rights"—which, after the custom of men, were readily granted in so far as men came to believe that the women really

wanted them. If women were classed politically with children, the insane, and the American Indian, as our laws seemed to make out, militant feminists could see the insult to their sex. But men knew better.

Why waste time on the discussion? You don't have to prove the thesis. It is!

**S**O THERE'S your argument. Take it or leave it. Or, as Mr. Ripley so aptly puts it, "Believe it or not." But even the most dominant and thick-headed of our masculine sex will confess to at least a moiety of truth in the position thus expressed, admitting that our womenfolk are, generally speaking, jolly well able to take care of themselves.

Then why worry over that delectable paronomastic phrase, Rotary Ann, which we are reliably informed does not fit well into milady's dictionary. And why discuss the thisness of the thusness of Ladies' Nights? We will continue the one or the other just about as long as the superior sex approves and not much longer. Whenever it disapproves, these bulwarks of Rotary by-play will slough off and disappear, and not before. Or they will be amended to meet the requirements of an aroused femininity. If the women

*"He simply reacted naturally to the studied stimulus of the superior sex."*



*"They fix their husbands' social position, drag them to bridge parties, to visit hideous relatives."*



want a column in *THE ROTARIAN* they will get it. Probably, in such an event, it will appear as the bright suggestion and original plan of some proud husband and father; but in the background a careful listener will hear the swish of a skirt (providing long skirts have come in by that time) and the low, melodious laugh of a lady!

**L**ET us not fool ourselves. We act by sufferance. We do as we are told, not blatantly told but acted upon by some deft psychological suggestion. We half believe we are slaves and we half like it. He was not all imbecile who confessed to being a henpecked husband because, he insisted, only the henpecked husband was happy. Why not? Our wives know what is best for us. We don't. Through countless ages they have told us so and proved it. They give us a little rope so that the boy in us may still play hookey; if we take too much rope we hang ourselves.

A husband so stupid as to take too much rope is a figure upon which it is too ridiculous to dwell. We all know the breed. But we do not know them long, as such incompetents are shunted quickly into the limbo reserved for failures. Husbands, unhappily, know only in part as they see in part. To allude again to the saying of the Apostle Paul, "they see as

through a glass darkly," but women, by the grace of Juno, see things as a whole, and can see clearly through such an absurdity as a husband. Seasoned husbands know this to be true, and conduct themselves accordingly. It is only the misfit and halfwit, in this case, who attempts to learn the length of his cabletow.

Thus male psychology throughout the ages has been an open book to the opposite and superior sex. Woman discreetly refrains from oppressing her lord and master with her constant presence. But with the good-bye kiss she breathes into his ear, "be home at ten o'clock, dear," and punctually at one or two o'clock the dutiful husband wends his way homeward—safely within the limits of his tether.

Bluster and swagger as he will among his equals, the dominant male is tame and tranquil within the confines of his hearth and home. There is no pretense of equality. He is in the presence of his superior. Masculinity subsides before the poise and competence of a sex superior in reason and emotion.

This is what every woman knows. "Women in Rotary" is a favorite subject of discussion. The superior sex can be depended upon to decide its part in Rotary for itself. It always has controlled such matters and it always will.





*The joint council of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company, shown in executive session here, is composed of four men named by employees and four by the management. President H. L. Nunn is the speaker (standing).*

## 1000 Per Cent in Nine Years

By Donald Royson

**Y**ES, you are already mentally asking the question which flashed into my mind when I learned that a manufacturer of fine shoes had increased his daily output in 1921 from 600 pairs of shoes of moderate price, to a daily output of 3,000 pairs of high-quality shoes in 1929. How did they do it?

But that is not all. Walter Dunlap, immediate past president of the Rotary Club of Milwaukee, told me this bit of history:

"When this company began manufacturing dress shoes in 1921, those in the business said it couldn't be done—that fine shoes could not be successfully made anywhere but in New England, where the industry has a hundred years of dominance behind it. Yet, within nine years, this Milwaukee company stands *second* in the volume of output of men's shoes, retailing in price range from \$8.50 to \$12.50.

By what success formula could an industry become second in its field within a decade? This true story of a business romance should give the right answer.

How could such an amazing achievement in business have been accomplished?

I was surprised again when I went to the office of H. L. Nunn, president of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe company. The first thing he said about their business was wholly unexpected. It was this:

"I have always thought that every employee of such an institution, in whatever department he might be working, ought to think of it and speak of it as '*our factory*.' Yet you know this is seldom done unless it is by a member of the office force."

After I had visited with Mr. Nunn, I asked permission to talk to one of the 1,000 employees. I talked to

a man named Ben Scott, of the Goodyear department.

"Do you like to work here?" I asked.

"You bet I like to work in *our factory*," he said, and he said it as if he might be ready to fight with me if I had anything to say against his institution.

"Why?" I asked. Ben Scott held up three fingers.

"Three reasons," he answered, like a flash.

"First—We keep the plant going; work is steady.

"Second—There isn't a better management anywhere.

"Third—The help has the right to say what should be done and should not be done."

He paused, then went on—

**A**ND another thing. There isn't a man in the whole place who can't go into the office and see Mr. Nunn about anything, and I'd like you to show me another concern of this kind where that can be done."

Mr. Nunn had told me about the shop committee, elected by the men, one from each of the twelve departments, with a chairman and a business agent, also named by the employees. Any complaint by any employee or department, not satisfactorily adjusted by the foreman, may be taken to this committee. No one can be discharged if this committee disapproves. Either the employees or the management may appeal from any decision by this shop committee to the joint council, composed of four named by the men and four by the management.

"How about wages?" I asked Ben Scott.

"We've had only one dispute that went to the joint council, in twelve years; that was from the edge-workers."

Mr. Nunn had told me about this, and

*Ben Scott, of the Goodyear department, is president of the joint council.—"You bet I like to work in our factory," he said.*



that it was finally compromised. But Scott told me something his chief had not mentioned.

"Do you know what Mr. Nunn did then? When the vote of the council was four for higher wages and four against, Mr. Nunn changed his vote and cast it with the men. Then the edge-workers wanted to accept less and that's the way it was settled."

"Does the company ever do anything for any of you who have suffered misfortune in one way or another?"

"Does it?" Well, there was one of our men who got sick and his family was sick and the company took care of them until they were well. And then there was another man who hadn't worked here for quite some time and the company arranged to send him a nurse and afterward it paid the doctor bill."

"Do these men have to pay this money back?"

"Not unless they want to do so."

While the agreement with the employees provides that any dispute not satisfactorily settled by the joint council may be arbitrated, there has never been a

*Where employees say, "our factory."*



*H. L. Nunn, president, Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Co.,—  
"he changed his vote."*

case for arbitration since the plan was inaugurated.

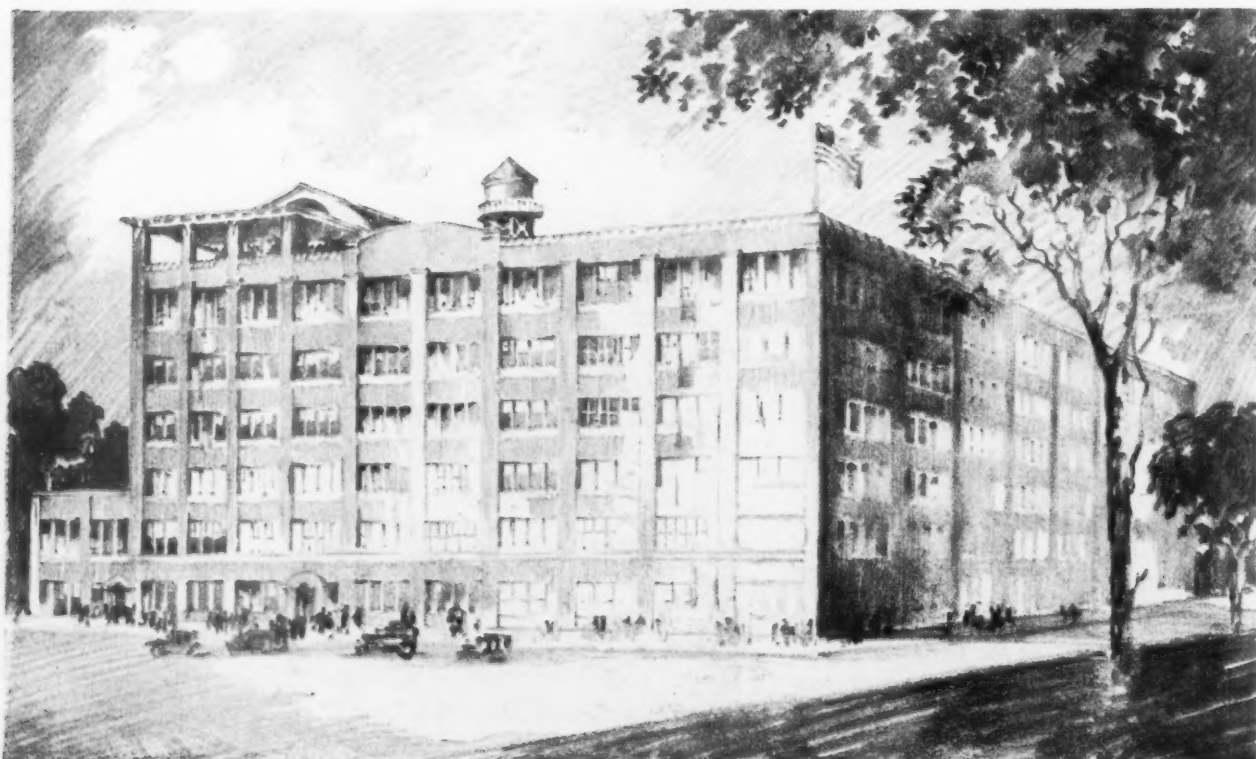
Back in 1921, when business everywhere was gasping, the company was asked to bid on a government contract. Before the bid went in, Mr. Nunn talked to the men.

"You have an interest in this," he said. "Your jobs are involved, because if we do not get this contract, we may have to shut down for a time. Do you want to make any concession on your wages? Would you wish to work a half hour longer week days and Saturday afternoon without extra pay?"

For twenty minutes the men talked about it and then their leader went to Mr. Nunn's office

and reported. "Ninety per cent want to do that, Mr. Nunn," he said.

A certain signal had been arranged in order to announce to the employees the contract had been obtained. Walter Dunlap happened to be in the plant when the whistle began to blow. "Every one stopped," he said; "they all seemed to be almost holding their breath. Then when the whistle sounded the blasts that meant that the bid was successful, a mighty cheer went up. [Continued on page 62]





# Rotary

## Personalities—

**H**AMZAH BIN ABDULLAH, prominent Malayan member of the Rotary Club of Kuala Lumpur, magistrate in the government service, recently addressed members of his club on the significance of movements such as Rotary as a factor in bringing together business men with diverse racial and political characteristics.



HAMZAH BIN ABDULLAH

**T**HE HONORABLE JAMES L. RALSTON, K.C., C. M. G., D.S.O., M.P., Minister of National Defence is Canada's representative at the Five-Power Naval Conference in London. He is an Honorary Member of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Canada and was responsible (with James W. Davidson) for the organization of the first Rotary clubs in Australasia.



JAMES L. RALSTON

**K**URT BELFRAGE, LL.B., Ph.M., lecturer, historian, economist, director of the Stockholm Stock Exchange and president of the Rotary Club of Stockholm, recently had the distinction of welcoming H.R.H. the Crown Prince as an Honorary Member of Stockholm Rotary.



KURT BELFRAGE

**A**LFRED JERGER is a distinguished Austrian tenor, member of the Vienna State Opera (Staatsoper). He has created many new operatic rôles in this famous musical center, is a member of the Rotary Club of Vienna, and a popular artist on the concert stage.



ALFRED JERGER

**C.**LANA SARRATE, Sc.D., professor of metallurgy, Royal Polytechnic Institute at Barcelona, secretary of the Rotary Club of Barcelona, was largely responsible for the successful promotion of the brilliant Rotary festivals sponsored by his club during the Barcelona Exposition.



C. LANA SARRATE

*Dr. Charles E. Barker — "has talked to more than three million high-school boys and girls."*



## Rotary's Ambassador to Youth

By Robert Lathan

**A** SLENDER, medium-sized, bespectacled man stood on the platform of the Senior High School in Asheville, North Carolina, U. S. A. In the auditorium, facing him, were 1,200 boys and girls. Their voices filled the auditorium with a low, vibrant roar. The man on the platform began to speak. Within ten seconds voices were hushed, eyes were directed toward him. I observed these young people closely. Their attention never wandered for an instant. They

were oblivious of the visiting Rotarians seated on the stage. Before the speaker had concluded it could be seen that they had almost forgotten the presence of their very companions seated about them. He had turned their thoughts inward upon themselves.

The man speaking to this group was Dr. Charles E. Barker, one of the greatest character builders in all the length and breadth of America today. How did he reach the minds and hearts of these boys and

girls? Not with any flights of oratory, certainly. He may be capable of such flights. I do not know. He did not attempt any. What he did first of all was to convince every boy and girl sitting before him that he knew boys and girls inside out. His first touches were humorous—but it was humor barbed with a message to the mind of youth. The speaker who introduced him had said that Dr. Barker was believed to have spoken to more high-school students than any other man who ever lived. "I think that statement is probably true," Dr. Barker said. "But I want you to know immediately that I never speak before high-school students without getting nervous, because high-school students know more than any other class of people in the world."

**ONE** sentence only, but it made the whole body of boys and girls rock with laughter. And he kept them laughing for the next five minutes, as with one deft thrust after another he penetrated the armor of their reserve and persuaded them that here was a man who might be one of themselves, so well did he understand them and so keenly yet so delightfully, was he able to satirize their very thoughts. Then, having won their attention, excited their curiosity, persuaded them that he was not going to be "preachy," he began to wind his way into his message. And what a message it was.

This is the story of the man whom Rotary International during the past ten years has endorsed and who has gone out to every part of the United States and Canada to wage battle where the schools, for all their amazing growth, admittedly are weakest and where the home so often tragically fails.

There is drama in the story of what Dr. Charles E. Barker has achieved and is achieving, in making old truths and old standards attractive and inviting to young people growing up in an atmosphere saturated with jazz and overcast with the gloom of fatalism.

It was eleven years ago this year, at the International Rotary Convention in Salt Lake City in 1919, that Dr. Barker's connection with Rotary International as a lecturer began. He had been invited to deliver before the convention his address, long since famous, on "A Father's Responsibility to His Son." Then and there Dr. Barker embarked on what has become his career in life. Invitations to visit their communities and lecture poured in to him from Rotary clubs throughout North America. Rotary International endorsed him to the clubs—the only

lecturer who has ever had its endorsement. A remarkable career has his become.

**T**ODAY Dr. Barker probably knows more Rotarians and is known by more Rotarians than any other living man. He has talked before nearly 1,200 Rotary clubs. He has visited many of these clubs repeatedly. Under their auspices he has lectured to more than three million high-school students, in scores of colleges and to hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers. During eight months of every year Dr. Barker hardly sees his home in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is continually going from city to city, large and small, spending one day, two days, or three days in each and, sponsored by the local Rotary club, infusing a new spirit into those before whom he appears.

How does he do it? That is what I am to try to tell in this article. It is not as easy a task as it might seem, however, to reduce to words the impression which Dr. Barker makes upon a community. It is not as easy as it might seem to find terms which will satisfactorily suggest the secret of his extraordinary success in the field which he has made peculiarly his own—that of capturing the confidence and reshaping the lives of high-school boys and girls, so that they are eager to hear him again and again, and lend themselves to his guidance as they will not lend themselves to the guidance of even their own teachers or their own parents.

I wish that I had space to elaborate on the methods by which Dr. Barker got his message home to the 1,200 boys and girls in the High School auditorium at Asheville. It was an intensely interesting study and revealed the man's artistry. I have seen actors, but no other speaker, except M. Briand of France, who could so utterly and so quickly change the mood of his hearers at will. Once at Geneva I saw M. Briand do this. Dr. Barker does it with his high-school students, and does it with supreme success.

His message itself is elementally simple. It is compounded of the ancient verities and only of the ancient verities. His text is a saying of President Garfield's, that to win to the top and stay there one must have "a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart." He manages first to interest them in taking care of their bodies and persuades them that if they want to be well and strong they can be. Then, with superb mimicry and with the searchlight of wit, he reveals to them the disaster that must attend sloppy methods of doing their les- [Continued on page 50]





*Private Peat, of the Third Battalion, First Canadian Infantry — "the origin of war goes much deeper than a tin hat."*

# WHY I Went to War

**By Harold R. Peat**

[*"Private Peat"*]

**W**HY did you go to war in 1914?" is a question put very frequently to me by those curious to know the working psychology of my theories of war causes. And for sixteen years I have been trying to answer that question myself by an analyzation of thoughts, feelings, and sensations of that time, as I remember them.

On August 4th, 1914, there were seven hundred soldiers in Canada, that is, seven hundred "regulars" as we have come to know the bodies of men sustained by the government through the taxation of the people for the ostensible protection of those people and their property. The arms and equipment of this standing army, like the Canadian Navy, was one of our favorite domestic jokes.

In the two weeks which followed the outbreak of war there were one hundred and twenty-three thousand volunteers; in a few months more another half million men had followed the example of the earlier ones. This is, approximately, the same proportion of

What motives urge one to enlist in war? Glory? Enemy hatred? Avenging of a wrong? The author, a former Canadian soldier (Mons Medal), gives his own reaction to the first call for volunteers.

enlistments to population as the volunteers of Germany, France, Russia, and England in 1914.

For the first seven months of 1914 there had been no thought of fighting in the Canadian mind, but the war idea had been so embedded, so inexorably inculcated into that mind, that, in the eighth month, in the flash of a split second, the most peaceful people of the world became as warlike as those of the most aggressive and militaristic tendencies.

**W**HY did I go to war?" Negatively I seem to have had several reasons, but in the positive, the recollection of my volunteering to go to war is that it was the best chance which had come my way to get to Europe and that—free.

I did not go to war for any idealistic motive. Later, yes, men joined in the world conflict for a very idealistic motive, but at the age of twenty, war to me was

exactly what it had been at the age of twelve—high adventure and nothing more. The fact that war was considered dangerous made it just that much more alluring.

I did not go to war because I hated Germans. As a matter of fact I only knew six Germans before the war, and I liked each one of them, which is rather more than I could say of any one nationality other than my own.

I did not go to war because I was a great patriot. I am still trying to find out what is true patriotism, and in my research I have come so far as to find out that patriots in war are those men and women who know definitely what the fight is about, the rights and wrongs of it—and still fight. I did not know what it was all about. I am satisfied that the average German, French, Russian, Italian, Austrian, or Turkish boy of 1914 had ideas just as chaotic as my own.

So I come back to my most definite reason for going to war—a trip, unbelievable—a free trip to Europe!

Laugh! Yes, we can laugh at such a situation, but when looked into, it is not a joke. It clearly shows the colossal tragedy of the mental and moral make-up of humanity at large.

**T**HE last world conflict may have been an economic war; it may have been militaristic and nationalistic; it may even have been caused by the commercial ambitions of one or two nations; but of those probable causes it is not reasonable to suppose that the young men and women were aware—those youngsters who comprised the fighting stock of the countries involved.

War to us young folk was a perfectly natural and normal outlet for our own pent-up emotions. We saw nothing wrong in it. We had never heard there was anything wrong. I hardly believe one in ten thousand people of mature judgment considered war an unmitigated evil at that time. I think I would have gone to fight anybody in 1914—French, Russians, Italians, just as readily as Germans. The reason for that is simple. At the very outset the general ignorance of humanity in regard to war goes unchallenged. This ignorance has existed throughout the ages. There is a vast difference between the average conception of war and the actual experience of the common soldier in the front-line trenches. Without this experience, no one knows the realities, the horrors, and the stench of war.

In short, if the world of 1914 had known half as much about war as the world of 1919, it would not have been possible to start an international conflict by the simple expedient of murdering an archduke.

Three years after the signing of the Armistice there came the Chanak affair. Mr. Lloyd George, then premier of England, called for an army to fight the Turks again. He called at home and he called abroad, but he appealed in vain. The newspapers of that day voiced the people's mind—"This time, we, the people, have the say."

There was no war in 1921.

The French had a fair-sized scrap in Morocco. There were six American volunteers for that "unpleasantness," one Canadian, and eleven Englishmen, and in three years less than fourteen hundred Frenchmen volunteered to join their own Moroccan forces.

**T**ODAY the uniformed soldier appears to be in the shadow of the guillotine, liable to be severed from his profession under suspicion as an originator of war. Certainly the uniformed soldier may suffer because of an hysterical outcry toward unconsidered peace, but the origin of war goes deeper than a "tin hat." It is not the removal of a khaki tunic which is needed, but the disarmament of the mental, moral, and spiritual cloak which [Continued on page 63]

*Citizen Peat—lecturer, author—"my children will continue to liquidate that travel debt."*

*Photo: Robson, Winton.*



# Is the Family Fading?

By George S. Chappell

**H**AVE you a little family in your home? Are you one of the fortunates who can refer, in your own right, to "the wife and kiddies"? Because it is to the husband, so equipped, that this article is mainly addressed, although there will be in it, I hope, sauce for the goose as well as the gander. The foregoing, I realize, may sound a bit discourteous. I apologize, for I have a sincere affection for humans, and if we are sometimes like the feathered fold alluded to I can only say, aren't we all?

We read much of the fading family, the crumbling home, the house divided against itself. How true is this of families in general, and if so, why? These are the questions before the meeting.

Let me define the problem a little. I am not thinking of the marital situation, nor of the "younger generation" which has already had too much publicity, and gosh, how they love it!

No, I am assuming a family of which the partners have passed through the period of dual adjustment. They have weathered the storms occasioned by Bert's first extra-curriculum infatuation . . . or was it Lucy's . . . they have brought into the world a reasonable family of two, three, or what-have-you in the way of off-spring, and, finally, these young ones are of an age which develops no wildness more vicious than that which results in the tipping over of the radio or the mysterious fracturing of Neighbor Jackson's fanlight. All of which is serious enough, Heaven knows, but no more criminal than the accessions of frenzied rough-house always prevalent in healthy childhood along about bed-time.

This phase, in its relation to brac-a-brac, is "the dangerous age," and if it seems trivial, let me assure my readers that I

The writer answers a few pointed questions on family life—but, you may have a different opinion. The meeting is now open for discussion—

consider it the most important of all. It is in these early years that the Family, including Mama and Papa, is formed, and at the mention of the last-named twain my typewriter automatically stops clicking for a moment while Memory lays a wreath beside the name of our beloved cartoonist, Briggs. He knew, as we all must know, that Mama and Papa take a lot of forming!

**H**AVING given the problem a setting, let us consider the family of an earlier day, the Nineties, let us say, a period which included my own brilliant childhood. It seems to me, though I may be wrong, that families then were more closely knit, more individu-



*"Between the breakfast-in-bed habit for Mama and the early golf date for Papa, the church parade is now pretty slim."*



ally loyal. What were the forces of cohesion? It is safe to say that among them were religion, a stricter moral code, and a closer common interest in the arts, principally literature and music.

Of religion it is hard to speak without sounding "preachy," but we cannot deny its force. Who does not remember the old-time Sunday! At the very start of the day, breakfast had its pontifical quality. The maid's way of setting down the platter of golden-brown fishcakes was solemnly ritualistic. Best bibs and tuckers were in order for all. As we trailed churchward down the elm-shaded street, clutching

The point is that we felt miserable *together*. And I wonder if that isn't just the point. We now refuse to be miserable. We prefer our dress to be comfortable—no stiff collars for the men—no more starched voluminities for the women.

Today church attendance seems to be more of a



*"Who does not remember the old-time Sunday . . . in those days cleanliness and Godliness walked hand in hand."*

our prayer-books and hymnals, there emanated from us sundry squeaks of stiff collars scraping against hard-boiled shirts, the rustle of starched voluminities from the female marchers, and, from all, the faint, clean smell of fresh linen which, I suppose, is "the Odor of Sanctity" so often referred to. In those days cleanliness and godliness certainly walked hand in hand and our raiment made a cheerful noise unto the Lord.

**W**HAT we got out of it was not necessarily spiritual. But we did get something. Our elders may have been bored, or, on the other hand, Father, when he closed his eyes during the sermon, may have done so because, as he claimed, "he could concentrate better." We younger ones frankly fidgeted and twisted and dropped our books and slipped off the kneeling-benches and ran our fingers around our neckbands and felt generally miserable.

go-as-you-please affair. This, of course, comes straight back to Mama and Papa. Between the breakfast-in-bed habit for Mama and the early golf date for Papa, the church parade is pretty slim, and I don't think there is much argument about that. I don't by any means set myself up as a shining example, for I am of my time. But I miss the old order. It was one of the ties that bind. Today we cannot help but be part of the passing show. But to many of us who can look both into the past and the future there is something missing—gone, I imagine, never to return.

As to the Moral Code, upon which I can only touch briefly, I believe the shoe was on the other foot. It was severe and it meant to be cohesive but I don't think it was. Minor infringements, fibs, pilferings, disobedience, disrespect, these were held up to our horrified gaze as milestones on the road to Gehenna. Their lessons were frequently pounded into our South ends from whence, in some subtle way, they were expected

to rise to the heart and mind. But I can remember coming out of what I may term my father's "patting parlor" chastised but unchastened, my heart filled with bitterness and revolt. If his stout hair-brush was the emblem of authority it was also the symbol of black resentment.

I thought enviously of Raphael's cherubs with no spankable areas nor shall I ever forget my thrill when I saw for the first time a pair of "military brushes" with *no handles!* So much milder was our maternal correction . . . Mother used a bed-slipper with a soft sole . . . that I remember a piteous plea raised when something was said about "speaking to Father" when he got home from the office. "No, Mother," wailed my brother and I, "You spank us, Mother! O, please spank us!" Fortunately Mother had a sense of humor very much keener than her sense of justice, and so our dark crime was carefully concealed.

**M**OST of this sort of thing, happily, has gone by the board, and good riddance. Self-determination in small personalities is more tolerantly accepted. Force has given way to persuasion. One of my rather cynical friends told me that he had early made up his mind never to strike a woman or a child "except in self-defense." It is a good rule, but let me warn parents that a much larger responsibility than ever is theirs.

Sympathy must always be on top. Many a man, I fear, would take time to administer a south-polar penalty who would not take the trouble to sit down with his small son and talk things over.

Now, about the cultural side of life, where were we, and where are we? I wonder if any of my readers remember being read to, or, which is more important, if they ever read to their own children. I am talking to the men now, for I believe most mothers still read to their small fry. Fathers, I fear, have fallen from grace, if they were ever in it. Home reading looms large in my memory. My father, of whom I may have given a too-stern impression, was the perfect parent in this regard, as in many others that I could readily mention.

We had our own shelves of Alger and Optic, and a complete library it was. We rode the circus wagons with Toby Tyler, and heard the arrow's whiz from the bow of Deerfoot, the Shawnee. Robin Hood



*"Their lessons were frequently pounded into our South ends . . ."*

and Will Scarlet and Little John were our boon companions, and how we roared when the Miller threw his chaff in Robin's eyes! But, as the years slipped along, we were led into other fields. Out of the pages of Dickens and Scott and Thackeray came trooping that great galaxy of immortals, Tiny Tim,—surely the tenderest lad to which versatile pen ever gave birth. How we thrilled to them, my brothers and I, as my father's smooth voice evoked from their pages. He knew how to skip and did so, judiciously. When "Boz" waxed prolix or "Mr. Titmarsh" too genealogical, they were ruthlessly cut.

Is there much of this sort of thing going on? Precious little, I imagine. But it's a great stunt. Try it, sometime. The public library isn't a patch on it.

**M**USIC, too, was a home occupation. We were what was called "a musical family," and there were many others about us. Home-made music has about gone out, at least among Christians, but it used to be charming and at times how painful. The pain lay in our piano practice which was a universal and improving form of torture inflicted on all and sundry. If the child had no musical talent, all the more reason for forcing one on him. My daily stint at the key-board was only an hour a day, but what an hour! It was timed by the hour-glass full of the red sand of the desert which I used to shake feverishly under the fond delusion that I was hasten- [Continued on page 61]



*The Ghazi, Mustapha Kemal, president of the new Turkish Republic—a fearless leader in the adoption of modern reforms for his country.*

## Trailing Along Through Asia

By Lillian Dow Davidson

**O**NE thing that has struck me as being rather significant of the modern Turkey is the fact that the religious duties in the Mosques now seem to be left to the old men and the occasional old woman. Richad, our Stamboul guide, doubtless voicing the protest of Turkish youth of to-day said, "We young men are too busy now to go to prayer five times a day." And this recalls to my mind a sketch Richad drew for me of his own domestic life. His family consists of his old mother, his wife, and three children, and every morning about five his aged parent awakens them, no matter how tired they may be.

They arise, go into her room, bow before her, and kiss her hand, murmuring a stereotyped greeting; and taking each in turn, she rubs them on the back while admonishing them in certain set phrases how to conduct themselves. As soon as that poor old soul goes to the Great Beyond, Richad and his family, I fear, are going to throw off this and other irksome ceremonies. Thus, the old hands are clutching at the modern coat-tails of the younger generation which in turn is reaching out towards the new and the untried.

One day I said to him, "Some one told me that

The amazing reforms that are working a magical over-night transformation in Turkey, seen by the wife of Rotary's special commissioner in Asia.

the Mohammedans are not allowed to depict the human form in any way whatsoever. Is it true?"

"Yes, quite true," he replied. "We even have no photographs in the house. I haven't a single picture to remind me of my father."

"Yes, but Richad, at the top of the Grand Rue de Pera is that big new bronze statue of Kemal and his victorious soldiers."

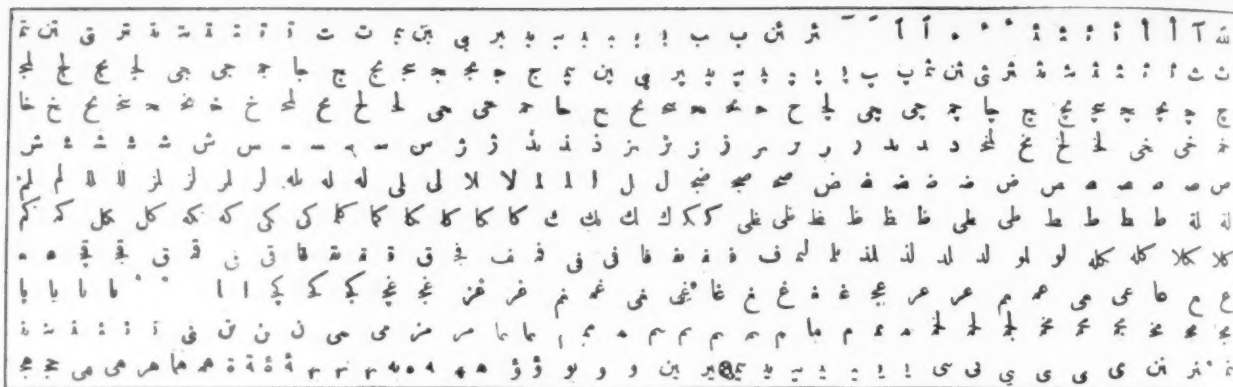
"Ah, yes," he replied, "but you see times are changing."

And changing, they certainly are!

**T**HE Ottoman Empire was built and founded on religion, grouped around the Sultan and Caliph. Mustapha Kemal, however, did not hesitate to put an end to the Caliphate, driving out the dervishes and the religious orders, closing many mosques and shrines and confiscating to the Government the lands held by the religious orders.

President Kemal voiced the attitude of modern





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Turkey when he stated before the Assembly that the mention in the new constitution of Islam as the religion of the Turkish State was a provisional concession to the old mentality, destined to disappear at the first possible occasion. There is widespread disregard of the Moslem obligation of day-time fasting and other religious practices, as a result. This does not imply that the Turks are looking for any other religion to take its place. They definitely are not! Mission institutions are forbidden to proselytize and Christian propaganda is forbidden in mission schools.

It happened to be an interesting time to be there in Constantinople, just when Mustapha Kemal, their great and indomitable leader, was bringing in many important and desirable reforms. To-day the streets of the city are as little colorful as our own. The fez has gone for good. It was but a borrowed article of head-dress anyway and now a person found wearing one would be gathered in by the police, and the many-hued oriental costume is also a thing of the past. The one reform which occupied the public mind at the moment was the replacement of the old complicated Arabic by the new Roman Alphabet. Alphabetical charts were everywhere, posted up in street-cars, in restaurants, tacked up outside of shops, on blank walls, and even on tree trunks. News-stands were laden with booklets teaching the new reading and writing, some of them quite simple primers with pic-

*Turkish newspapers published each day examples of the simple Roman alphabet as compared with the several hundred Arabic characters which it replaces.*

tures on the "This-is-a-cat" and "Here-is-a-dog" order, for the use of the very young and the fading minds of the very old.

**T**HE impulsive "Ghazi" (an honorary title meaning the Hero), as Kemal is called, was so enthusiastic over the entire population immediately discarding the excessively intricate Arabic characters that he himself, turning schoolmaster, went out into the country districts and taught the new alphabet in the streets to groups of people who gathered about him. It may be a hardship on some of the older people and many positions will doubtless be lost on account of it. Nevertheless, on the whole, it will prove a splendid thing, saving the years required to learn the

old archaic characters and bringing the newly awakened Turkish people into closer touch with the more progressive Western nations. Furthermore, the men of other lands will be encouraged to learn Turkish now that they can read the language. We saw shop and office signs being changed everywhere, newspapers published half in Arabic and half in Roman characters, all preparing for the day



*Sherif Bey, the genial Prefect of Police of Constantinople, who gave Commissioner Davidson much assistance.*

which is only a few months hence when no Arabic is to be allowed.

Kemal in his eagerness, is thought by some to be too hasty in his reforms—but Kemal rules and Kemal is obeyed! If a change must come, perhaps after all is said and done, is it not kinder to institute it speedily and get it over with? The exponent of radical reforms must be sure of his influence, however. If he rules through fear, he must not underestimate his power. Amanullah, the former King of Afghanistan, is an example of a weak man who tried and failed. The comparison is not a happy one for the educated Turk is, of course, far more advanced than the native of Afghanistan, and Turkey is in close contact, and is familiar, with Western civilization.

**K**EMAL is sometimes called "the Mussolini of the East." He has some of the traits of Roosevelt. The same qualities that produced followers for these two stalwart characters have brought enthusiastic supporters for Kemal. Impulsive, youthful, democratic, not born in the purple, for he rose from the ranks of a soldier, Kemal's success is, I believe, due not only to the fear with which some regard him but more largely to the great admiration that the modern Turk has for him. He is a great hero to many who are only too happy to obey. He is honest, sincere, determined, with no thought other than the welfare of his people who, in the face of great obstacles, are struggling towards the sun.

The Turkish woman as an accompaniment to the reforms rushed out of the harem with surprising speed until now the veil is no longer seen. So thoroughly has been the change that in the six weeks of our stay I encountered just twenty-five women still

*Gone are the veils and muffling garments of the days of the Seraglio. Chic and stylish, the modern Turkish girl dresses as smartly as her sisters in Paris.*



wearing the *yashmak*, and someone suggested to me that they were probably very ugly. There is no whimpering, no holding to the old life as something sacred. The new Turkish woman is intelligent, keenly progressive and knows how to dress

smartly. Hats are not often seen but as a substitute the veil with which they formerly covered their faces, is now wrapped, in the cleverest way, snugly about the head, forming a pretty turban. Their deep, velvety black eyes sparkling beneath this veil-turban of black, or other dark color, often with a single ornamental pin of pearls, make a fascinating picture. The women were as speedy as the men in discarding the ancient costume though there was this difference: the men were forced by law to change, but the women acted on their own initiative.

Turkey's flaming youth—girls and boys, young women and men and matrons now walk down the principal streets until it seems as though one is in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. The Turkish girls are strictly up to the minute [Continued on page 52]

*Below—Street peddlers in Constantinople ply their trade near the great Saint Sophia Mosque.*



After girdling the world with its silken strand of fellowship, friendship, and understanding, Rotary comes home to Chicago in June to celebrate its Silver Anniversary

## ROTARY Comes Home Again

By Crawford C. McCullough

*Crawford C. McCullough, of Fort William, Ontario, chairman of the Convention Committee of Rotary International.*

**I**T IS a far flight from that eventful evening of February 23, 1905, more than twenty-five years ago when Paul Harris, a Chicago lawyer, and three friends met in Chicago to complete the organization of a business men's club built around the hub of good fellowship, a quality which was all too rare in the bleak and impersonal atmosphere of a great metropolis.

The four agreed that they would admit into their club only friends engaged in other lines of business than their own and only those who were men of authority in their respective concerns. Election to membership would be for a period of only one year. Meetings, it was planned, would be held in each member's place of business, in turn, so that each could gain some understanding of the other's work and interests. This plan of rotating memberships and rotating the place of meeting from office to office was what suggested to Paul Harris the name "Rotary."

Three years later a Chicago Rotarian sojourning in San Francisco told the story of the first club, and the second club was established soon afterward. Those were the acorns from which have sprung the mighty oaks that sink their roots into the soil of sixty-two countries, and encompass a membership of 150,000 high-minded Rotarians grouped into 3,300



*Photo: Underwood & Underwood*

clubs. The introduction of Rotary has resulted in the entrance of a new ethical concept into the realm of international business.

**I**T SEEMS singularly appropriate, therefore, that the silver anniversary of Rotary International is to be celebrated this June in the city where the idea of Rotary was born in the minds and hearts of that small group of young business men a quarter of a century ago.

In Chicago the story of the years will be told again by Paul Harris and some of the original founders. The celebration will be in an environment of one of the great key cities of North America, which will give overseas visitors opportunity to come into close contact with American institutions, and to feel the warmth of American friendship and fraternity as symbolized by the Rotary wheel.

Let us ponder for a moment some of the things that give distinction to this international gathering of Rotarians as they look forward to the twenty-fifth birthday of the organization.

Rotary international differs from all other kindred



organizations in that it has from the start believed that what it has to offer is good for men everywhere. With courage and unselfish enterprise it has steadily translated belief into action, so that to-day the Rotary cable of fellowship actually and effectively unites the entire world. The primary appeal and youthful vitality of the movement everywhere centers in the fact that Rotary is applicable and adaptable in every human environment, irrespective of race, custom, and religious belief. Rotary seems readily to accommodate itself to the native soil; wherever its seed has fallen there it has taken root.

The peaceful penetration of Rotary International steadily gathers momentum as the years pass. This is due to the sustained enthusiasm of Rotarians everywhere, not for the organization, as such, but for the particular purposes which Rotary serves and the abounding opportunity which it presents for the promotion of understanding and goodwill, through the leadership of business and professional men of affairs wherever found.

The Chicago convention marks the culmination of twenty-five years of progress, not uninterrupted, for like any other commanding movement, enthusiasm has sometimes run afield. Some steps have been taken which have had to be retraced, but testimony to the soundness of the Rotary idea and to the principles which it expresses, is the fact that throughout these twenty-five years, while not hesitating to experiment, nor faltering in the exploration of new ground, Rotary has come steadily and steadfastly along a fairly direct highway.

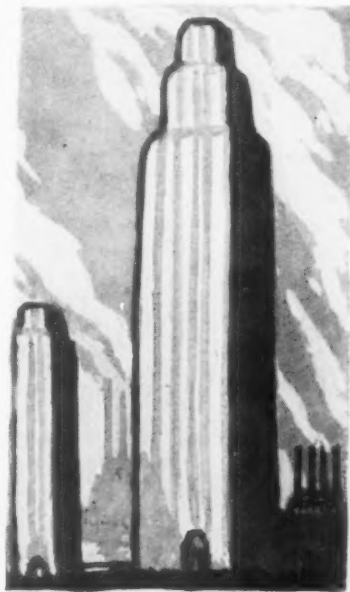
**T**HE convention in June will serve to reaffirm the allegiance of Rotarians, to quicken their ambitions, recharge enthusiasm and give to all not so much a sense of pride in what has been accomplished, but a vision of what yet will be done in the years ahead. With the profit of past experience, with momentum increasing by reason of greater enthusiasms, with a vision of clearer objectives and with the ever-increasing extension of the field of action, it is a venturesome spirit that dares to predict what the future will bring to Rotary. But if we are to judge future progress by past history, then the time is not far distant when Rotary will

become a synonym for service in every state and province under the sun!

Amid great difficulties, Rotary has succeeded in minding its own business. To-day Rotary policy is rather clearly defined the whole world over, and what properly are or are not Rotary activities is no longer a subject of much debate. In Rotary International there is world unity of policy, and yet the widest diversion of ways and means for putting policy into working clothes. Indeed, this is one of the great strengths of the movement. There are no inflexible laws to obey, there are no unnecessary regulations to combat, there is nothing to interfere with complete freedom of expression of the unit Rotary club, wherever situated, for Rotary International is simply a composite union of all the unit and sovereign Rotary clubs throughout the world, in strong and friendly brotherhood, driving steadily forward to the accomplishment of the Six Objects of Rotary.

**I**F THE Six Objects of Rotary, it seems to me the culmination of Rotary aims is most adequately expressed in the sixth: "The advancement of understanding, good-will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of Service." It is this world-wide silken strand of friendship and understanding which binds Rotarians throughout the world, one to another, stimulates their imaginations and fortifies their loyalty to the movement which they have come to look upon as a world's truly great opportunity, in which the individual, no matter how obscure, can have and take his part.

Rotarians in every field of commerce now see in the vocational aims and ethical purposes of Rotary, a common ideal upon which to unite for higher standards in business. The practical application of ethical ideals once considered sheer



abstractions holds a great hope for universal peace through an international congress of business men.

The silver anniversary should indelibly mark the beginning of a new stage in Rotary ambition and endeavour. It should focus the attention of the world upon the present and potential usefulness of the Rotary movement, and earn for it increasing prestige in the estimation of men and peoples everywhere.

Illustrations by  
Raeburn Van Buren



*"Gee, Mister, that's a lot to give me. I didn't ask for only a dime."*

## This Boy Asked for a Dime and Was Given a Father

By Peter R. Flynn

**"M**ISTER, can I have a dime?"

The man addressed barely heard the question. He turned, bracing himself against the below-zero gale that was whipping around the down-town corner of one of the mid-western cities of the United States. He saw a boy who seemed little more than a child. The lad was shivering in a cheap overcoat, worn thin and ragged. His shoes were much too large and worn through in places. His voice was little more than a quaver.

"And why," asked the man addressed, "do you want a dime?"

"So's I can go over to the 'Y' and get a room," the other promptly answered, his teeth chattering in spite of himself.

A true story which in many ways is typical of the splendid boys' work that is being done quietly and unobtrusively by thousands of Rotarians.

"Have you had anything to eat this evening?"

"Not since morning, mister. But if I can get a room I'll be all right."

Something about the boy went straight to the man's heart. He seemed so pitifully young to be penniless and homeless.

"Well, here's a dollar," the man said. "I want you to have a good dinner."

"Gee, mister, that's a lot to give me. I didn't ask for only a dime." The boy was almost overcome with

surprise and his pinched face lighted in a way that was worth more to the man than great riches. He regarded the boy more closely.

"That's all right, lad. What are you doing here in this city?"

"I heard there was a job here. And all I needed was a place to stay tonight so I could get that job tomorrow."

"Well, my boy, I hope you get it. But here's my card. If I can help you, come and see me."

**T**HE boy touched his forlorn cap, took the card, and tried to speak.

"Gee, mister—" But the other had hurried on. For all the wintry blasts, the boy stood a moment looking after him. He did not know that the man he had addressed at random was a Rotarian.

Next day the youngster went to the Rotarian's place of business, showed the card to the skeptical girl at the information desk and a few moments later was admitted to the private office.

"Well, how about the job?" asked the Rotarian (whom we will call Ray). But the boy's face fell.

"They told me the places were all filled yesterday," he said, and he struggled against a break in his voice.

"Well, sit down, my lad," answered the man, in kindly tones. His secretary came over and whispered to Ray a moment later. What she said was: "Did you see that the boy's feet are out?" Sure enough, he noticed the shabby shoes were worn through the soles. There was a whispered answer, which accounts for the arrival later of a new pair of shoes.

"Tell me about yourself and your family," said Ray.

"Well, there ain't much family. Dad's divorced and Ma can't make much money. So when I heard there was a job up here I came with what little money I had. My name's Jimmie," he ended.

Ray gazed into the boy's face. He could have been little more than 15 years of age and he was alone in a

strange city. His eyes were honest, but plainly he was of an unassuming family where he could have had but few advantages.

"How," asked Ray slowly, "would you like to have me for a father for a while?"

The boy seemed unable to understand at first. Then, as he grasped what had been said to him, a tear broke out of one eye and his mouth quivered and there came upon his face a look that Ray has never forgotten, as he answered simply, boy-fashion:

"Gee, mister, that would be great." Then, after a moment, he added:—"You mean, mister, you'd act like you were my own real father?"

"Yes, Jimmie, I would try to do just that, but I don't know how well I can do it."

**B**UT Jimmie seemed to have no doubt about it. He said again, with never-to-be-forgotten yearning and gratitude all mixed together in his voice: "Gee, mister, that would be great."

So it was that Ray, having no son of his own, began trying to be a father, and Jimmie, with no father of his own, came to know [Continued on page 56]



*"Because you have kept on believing in me, Daddy, I'm going to try to make good."*



# Rotary Plows a Friendly Furrow

By John H. Millar

**I**NVARIABLY we find a general feeling of resentment and distrust among country people, directed particularly toward the merchants of the towns in which they trade. In some communities this feeling is almost bitter. In others so much damage has been done that it has meant slow death for the community.

"Frequently the country people can't tell us specifically why they feel that way. Their criticisms are general and are usually based upon misinformation or lack of information."

These are the comments of Rotarian R. E. Shannon, a daily newspaper publisher and former president of the Washington (Iowa) Rotary Club, who has conducted community surveys of a unique sort in a number of farm-belt towns in his own and three other mid-Western states.

In each community surveyed, frank opinions were secured from several hundred town-residents and farmers. The majority of these have been quite pointed; many are uncomfortably personal as to specific merchants and clerks in stores. Answers to questionnaires were sent direct to Mr. Shannon's office in Washington, the understanding being that he would keep strictly confidential the names of persons supplying information or expressing opinions. In order to make sure of an unbiased opinion signatures could be omitted.

It is impossible not to sense the note of suspicion,

Although country and city traditionally wrangle and dispute, Rotary is often strikingly successful in reconciling the differences between the farmer and his business neighbor in the city.

resentment, and distrust that runs through the comments received from the farmers.

"The merchants can't make friends by sticking up their noses and their prices."

"Outside of business hours we're just yokels in their estimation."

"Merchants think they do us a favor in permitting us to buy their merchandise."

"When I go into the stores the clerks with whom I've traded for years, always ask me for my name and sometimes I have to repeat it two or three times."

"Anything the merchants do for us is done in a patronizing way."

"The town-folks take all the parking space—no room left for the farmer."

"Business men are losing prestige by showing indifference and not lending support to farmers' organizations and institutions."

If these are truly "typical," as Mr. Shannon assures us, then the situation is a serious one that needs to be understood by every Rotary club with rural-urban community activity either under way or in prospect.



*For three years the Rotary Club of Monroe, Michigan, has won the district cup for excellence in rural-urban activities. These four Rotarians hold agricultural or allied classifications in the club: Standing—Burton I. Knapp, farming; W. W. Gearhardt, nurseryman. Seated—George H. Hoffman, dairy products; Ray C. Bassett, architectural landscape service.*

"Studying the problem through," explains Mr. Shannon, "the reason for this rural distrust becomes obvious. It is the same feeling that so often exists between buyer and seller—the identical spirit of distrust that the merchant himself is likely to hold toward his sources of merchandise supplies. Many a time have I heard a merchant refer to his wholesalers or jobbers as 'robbers' and 'thieves.'"

"Ninety-nine per cent of the merchant's contact with the farmer is a sales contact," Mr. Shannon explained further. "The merchant is the fellow who is always trying to sell him something—to get his money. Now the average farmer and his wife work hard. They get up early in the morning and work late into the night. They are not receiving very handsome returns for their efforts. When they come to town and see the merchants with their well-organized forces waiting on every hand to get this hard-earned cash, the spectacle is not altogether pleasing."

"A prolific source of resentment," emphasizes Mr. Shannon, further, "is the belief of many country people that they are 'high hatted' by the stores. Many retail establishments are beautifully appointed, presenting an atmosphere of luxury. Naturally, customers coming from homes where there is an entire absence of such an atmosphere are ill at ease amid such surroundings. And when a clerk or proprietor shows the slightest tendency to patronize or 'talk down' to such a customer, it rankles."

**H**OW can this condition be remedied? Certain very definite suggestions have come from these surveys. They are worth the careful consideration not only of rural-urban committees in the Rotary clubs but of the merchants and farmers themselves.

"One is that business and professional men of every agricultural community should seek new contacts

with the country people, contacts not inspired by the dollar sign.

"No people on earth appreciate a friendly interest in their affairs more than farmers do. If you doubt this, ask any farmer in your community how many hogs he is raising this year, or what his corn averaged

last fall. If he thinks you are really interested—as you should be—he'll start in and tell you a lot of things about his livestock and his crop yields. And he will have a growing feeling of friendship toward you while he talks.

"Get-acquainted visits of our Washington Rotary Club have helped dispel this ill-will. I recall one in particular. The guests seemed ill at ease, wondering what we had up our sleeves. But when it gradually dawned on them that this was simply a plan to make friends and that we had nothing to sell, they entered into the spirit of the affair and had a big time.

"Another time we invited a group of farmers to our luncheon in town. One of them remarked to me after the meeting, 'This is the first time I was ever invited to Washington to eat with the business men. My wife told me I had better not

come because I might drop my knife or show bad table manners, but I told her I was coming anyway. And I'm glad I did; I've had a good time.'

"The one thing," concludes Mr. Shannon, "that will do more to remove ill-will between town and country, than anything else is for town people and country people to get better acquainted."

**O**NE who looks at Rotary from the point of view of an outsider, as does the writer, and who has in mind the great variety of city-made relief schemes that have been proposed for the farmer, is inclined to remark on the wisdom of Rotary in concentrating its rural activities simply on getting acquainted, and terming this department of its enterprise "Rural-Urban Acquaintance Promotion" rather than "Agricultural Improvement" [Continued on page 46]

## Five Planks for a Rural-Urban Platform

- 1 Stress the fundamental get-acquainted idea since it is the best known way to eliminate misunderstandings, aloofness, and ill-will which are underlying causes of most town-farm difficulties.
- 2 Enlist in each club more members from agricultural or related classifications, particularly the county agricultural agent.
- 3 If no rural-urban acquaintance committee exists, give consideration to the organization of one. If there is one already, put its activities and program on a helpful, business-like basis. All sorts of projects are open to such committees.
- 4 Emphasize agricultural projects of boys' work committees, which in many localities, notably Australia, work so effectively with farm boys and girls.
- 5 Offering of cups and other prizes for best rural-urban work, and the holding of district meetings of the heads of rural-urban committees. The effectiveness of these methods in stimulating and guiding other community-service activities, notably boys' work, has already been demonstrated.

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# **The ROTARIAN**

*Published Monthly by*

**ROTARY INTERNATIONAL**

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

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*Business Manager*

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## **Editorial Comment**

### **A Step Forward**

**I**N ITS new dress, THE ROTARIAN this month reflects the modern trend in magazine design. Art and utility have been combined in the new format to the end that the magazine you are now reading may have a greater personal appeal. The larger type will insure easy reading. Titles of articles appear in a type face characteristically modern. The text type used throughout the magazine was selected because of its legibility and beauty.

The Magazine Committee, appointed by President M. Eugene Newsom at the direction of the International Board, has given careful consideration to the scope and policy of the magazine, formulating an editorial program the chief purpose of which is to produce a magazine of greater interest and helpfulness to every reader; a magazine which will be of definite influence in the advancement of the ideal of service in business and community life and in international affairs; a magazine that will faithfully reflect Rotary in its various endeavors; a magazine that will, in its editorial columns, endeavor to wisely interpret and constructively criticize questions which we believe closely touch our readers.

I. B. Sutton, of Tampico, Mexico, immediate past president of Rotary International, is chairman of the newly appointed committee. Its members are: Dr. Edouard Willems, of Brussels, second vice-president of Rotary International; Roy Ronald, of Mitchell, South Dakota, director, and chairman of the Publications Committee; Sr. Vizconde de Casa Aguilar, of Madrid, director; and Clinton P. Anderson, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, chairman of the Community Service Committee.

Readers are the court of last resort for all editorial

policies. We would appreciate expressions of opinions from our readers on the new style which has been adopted, and what is more important, how, in your opinion can the magazine be of greater helpfulness to you. Tell us frankly what you think. Your critical opinion will be valued, and your response will enable us to serve you better during the months to come.

THE ROTARIAN is your magazine. If you are an old friend then we feel certain you will rejoice with us in the improvements that make possible a better magazine. If you happen to be reading these pages for the first time, then we welcome you as a new friend and pledge you our sincere and determined effort to serve you loyally and faithfully.

### **Towers—Then and Now**

**B**ACK in the dim beginnings of history, so the story goes, a group of men gathered to build a tower which would amaze the world. The name of the place was Babel.

Towers had but one worthy object in those days. They were a means of protection. From their highest pinnacles men could scan the horizon and watch for marauders. To their fastnesses the people of the surrounding country could flock in days of danger.

But this was even more of a tower than that. It should "reach to heaven." It was intended to challenge God. The men of Babel determined to exhibit their self-sufficiency by an act of sacrilege. They would prove that they could stand against the whole world—and heaven itself.

We know the tale. Out of the brilliant presumption of the builders came something vastly different from their hopes. Different languages, different



habits, and different aims destroyed the elaborate plan and the tower of strength thereupon became a "tower of Babel," a common by-word for a house divided against itself.

Countless generations passed. Out of a New World came a new tower-building ambition. Picturesquely, as our cover this month well illustrates, the new towers have been named skyscrapers; for with their tops they seem to brush the upper air. But they are not erected as havens for folk fleeing from hostile armies in time of danger. They are temples of trade.

How utterly different are the skyscrapers of today from the Babel of a remote yesterday. Babel was built to bar out the world; the skyscraper is built to draw it in. Out of it reach invisible hands, seeking to clasp other hands in all the nations of the earth. Methods of communication have been devised so that captains of commerce in the skyscraper are in daily conversation with men across mountain, sea, and continent, bringing them all, through the medium of business, into an association of human brotherhood.

Perhaps the tower of Babel and the skyscraper may represent the process of progress. Instead of self-sufficiency we have developed inter-dependence. Instead of isolation we have comradeship. Instead of suspicion and enmity we are building faith and confidence. It is a long way from Babel to twentieth century business. We still have many languages but we have no confusion of tongues. We stand shoulder to shoulder. No longer are our towering structures a challenge. They are strongholds of service rather than ramparts of defence.

## Calling on the Joneses

**W**ITH the multiplication of home duties, business engagements and things to do, the neighborly call, once such a happy bond between neighbors and friends, now seems to have joined the company of the forgotten arts. Seldom do visiting cards regularly find their way into city homes, much less serve as the beginnings of years of pleasant acquaintance. The excuse is, many people think they are entirely too busy to take an evening off to make informal calls upon friends, or to extend to strangers down the street the hearty welcome of their newly acquired neighbors.

The telephone call now seems to be the most popular brand of social hello. Generally it does not

last as long as the other kind. It does not compel Dad to change his suit, nor require a trek across town to ring a doorbell. Perhaps clubs, theatres, schools, all manner of organizations have tended so to socialize our lives and enlarge our interests that relatively few people today seek close personal associations and long friendly chats to occupy any leisure they may have.

At the same time, it is a matter of some regret that the high pressure of this mechanized era has squeezed out the adventure and coziness of a neighborly call upon the Joneses, and substituted in its stead either a chattering piece of mechanism or an attitude of frigid indifference. Why not extend the conversation so pleasantly begun at the Rotary luncheon table into an evening hour or two when the wives can join in, or have their own "confab," and a happy friendship can be firmly established?

## Kind Words for the Plumber

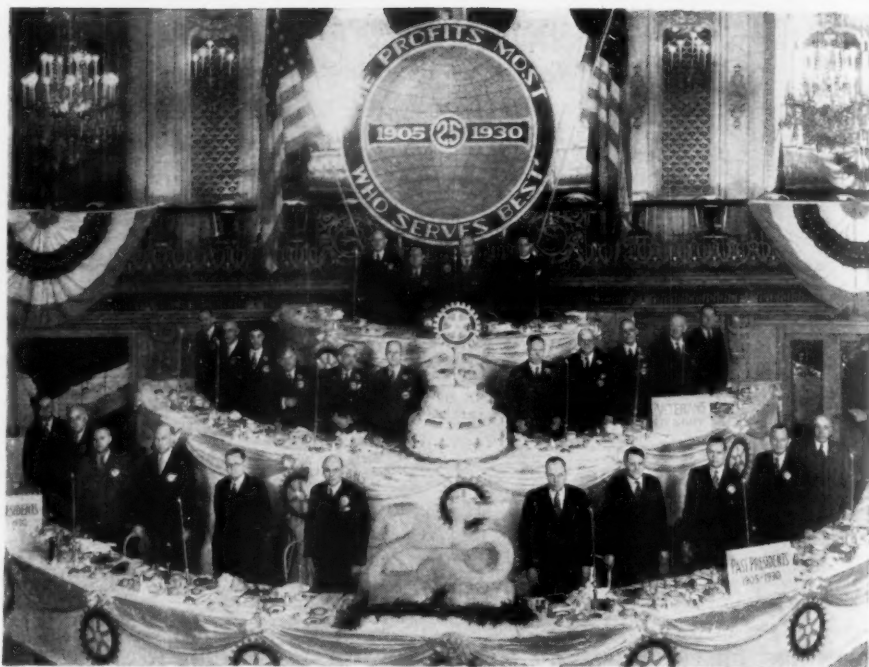
**T**HE ancient wheeze about the plumber who had to go back to the shop to get more tools to fix the faucets in the kitchen-sink belongs in the same category with the college professor who doffs his hat to the ambling cow and with the bride who converts biscuit dough into cobblestones.

In some cases the pointed observations that we used to make about the forgetful pipe-fitter may have been justified in practice, but the master-plumbers are now in pursuit of the legend, determined to chase it into hiding. It is said there are 35,000 of these crusaders in the United States today. A goodly third of that number have completely equipped service-trucks, each containing some 800 tools, valves, fittings, and what not. Eight hundred! What chance has the custodian of one of those travelling outfits to offer the old alibi, "I haven't the wrench I need. I'll have to go back to the shop."

But in case the plumber should be tempted to offer the hoary excuse, he will be successfully checked by reminding himself of the motto boldly printed upon the office stationery, which reads, "If we have to go back to the shop for tools, the job is free."

Plumbers though they be as opulent as millionaires will not care to lose their earnings very many times in the same month, for they have their "obligations" (euphemism supreme) to meet. No, the old jest of the plumber's search for a wrench is becoming nothing more than a pipe dream.

*The speakers' table was in the form of a huge birthday cake at the 25th anniversary luncheon of the Rotary Club of Chicago. On the top row, left to right are, Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International, Charles A. Newton, 1905 Veteran and past president; H. C. Cheney, past president and chairman of birthday luncheon. Veteran members of 25 years in Rotary compose the middle row of the cake and past presidents (1905 to 1930) are in the lower row.*



*Photo: Kaufman and Fabry*

## Rotary Around the World

### Chicago Cuts a Cake

**H**APPILY celebrating the twenty-fifth birthday of Rotary in its birthplace, six hundred Rotarians and two hundred guests feted the First Rotarians, "veteran" members, and past presidents of Rotary Club No. 1 at Chicago. Twelve of the club's seventeen veterans of twenty-five years' membership were present to participate in the festivities. Speakers drew on a rich store of anecdote in telling of the early days of the organization, obscurely formed, yet whose ideals have swept around the world, now embracing 150,000 members in 3,000 clubs in more than sixty countries.

Ablaze with color and light, the grand ballroom of the Hotel Sherman furnished a rich setting for the anniversary program. Tables for guests of honor formed an immense three-layer "birthday cake." On the top layer were seated the speakers of the day (conspicuously few) and on the other two layers sat the veteran members and past presidents. The flight of time was marked for many when the sons of early members (second generation Rotarians) ceremoni-

ously lighted the birthday cake in honor of the veterans.

Tribute was paid to Paul Harris, founder of Rotary and father of the service-club movement. Sounding the keynote of the day's addresses, H. C. Cheney, chairman of the meeting and one of the principal speakers said, "Fellowship is the cornerstone of Rotary. It has made possible a worldwide organization without barriers of race or creed, united in the Rotary ideal of service, peace and good-will to all men." Charles A. Newton, "'05 veteran" reminiscing, told of early "initiation ceremonies," the moving spirit back of which was Paul Harris, the rule of yearly reelection of members, and the system of fines in lieu of dues. Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International, discussing the forces at work in business at the time when Rotary came into existence, said, "Giants of business were fighting over trade territories; competition was ruthless, and not only big business, but all sorts of business, large and small,

were then under suspicion of being conducted on the basis of get all you can, and get it first. Into such a world Rotary was born, when men were thinking of better ways of doing business."

The first members of the Chicago club were signally honored upon their introduction to the assembly when they were invested with the honorary title of Veteran Member of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

## German Veteran Honored

**H**E WAS just a German youth who fought against America in the World War, but when he died in Horicon, Wisconsin, recently, the local post of the American Legion carried him to his grave with all the reverence and honor they would have paid had he been a former comrade. And because they did, every Rotary club in Germany is to be told of the incident through a letter drafted by the local Rotary club. The missive is to be sent to each German Rotary organization as an expression of a worthy interpretation of the Sixth Object of Rotary—friendly hands outstretched, neighbor to neighbor.

## Gifts for Zeppelin Chief

**A**N ELABORATE resolution of appreciation from the Rock Island, Illinois, Rotary Club to Dr. Hugo Eckener was presented to the Graf Zeppelin commander recently when he was an honored guest of the Stuttgart (Germany) Rotary Club. The resolution, bearing a photo of the Graf Zeppelin flying high over Rock Island on its world-girdling tour, thanked Dr. Eckener for having brought the huge ship off its course in order to fly over the Illinois city.

The Rock Island Rotary Club also sent a gift in

*Novelty drum act performed by members of Girls' Trumpet and Drum Corps, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Winsted, Conn.*



the shape of a beaded ornament made by descendants of the Sauk and Fox Indians (original residents of Rock Island), which greatly interested and pleased the commander, because of its unique and original character. He said he also was deeply gratified that the gifts from the American Rotarians should be presented to him through the medium of the Rotary Club in his own city.

## Sixth Object in Action

**R**OTARY'S Sixth Object—international good will—is being given practical application by the Philadelphia (Pa.) Rotary Club through its work in connection with the International Students' house, where youths from virtually every country in the world gather for lectures, recreation, and debate.

The international students' house is located near the University of Pennsylvania. The local Rotary Club has made it a practice to send a different group of its members to the house each month to invite students as guests to their homes. The club also gave a dinner recently that was attended by youths from nearly forty countries where Rotary has been established. Since most of the students will return to their native lands after finishing school, the local club is doing a splendid work in giving practical application to the Sixth Object.

## O. Henry Remembered

**A** ROTARY Club has stepped forward in an effort to save for its city a very famous landmark—the former home of O. Henry, pen name of the internationally famous short-story writer, William Sidney Porter. Plans are under way to tear away the old home as a site for a commercial building. However, the local club has appointed a committee to determine if there is not some way to preserve the house. O. Henry lived in Dallas for many years and began



here the writing career that led to fame. He was at one time employed in the state land office. Dallas has always cherished his old home as one of its historic spots.

## Program in Spanish

**N**OT all the members in attendance knew what was being said, but they enjoyed themselves nevertheless when eleven Mexican students attending a private school here gave a gala Mexican program before the Rotary Club of Oklahoma City. The pupils, garbed in native costumes, spoke and sang entirely in their native tongue. The event was arranged by the club as a friendly gesture toward Mexico.

## "Ships that Pass..

**O**NE of the greatest pleasures a Rotarian receives as a direct result of travel is the friendly help, the courtesy, and the entertainment he experiences at the hands of fellow-Rotarians in some far flung spot of the earth.

Twelve American Rotarians had that pleasant fact duly impressed upon them recently while on a tour of several Far Eastern countries bordering on the Pacific.

The trip was a good-will jaunt sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco and the dozen Rotarians enrolled for it for the double purpose of a vacation and an opportunity to spread the doctrine of Rotary's Sixth Object.

The party, totaling 350 in all, sailed from San Francisco aboard the "S. S. Malolo" for a three months voyage visiting Australia, Japan, China, Malaya, Hawaii, Philippines, and other islands of the Pacific.

Everywhere the party visited they met with a spontaneous and whole-hearted welcome, but the most pleasant memories the Rotarians had of the tour was the marked friendliness and help showered upon them by fellow-Rotarians in the Far Eastern cities where the newer outposts of Rotary International have been more recently established.

In some of the cities the "Floatarians" were able to attend the regular Rotary meetings, but in others they were guests at special luncheons or banquets arranged in honor of the occasion, and usually ending with a sight-seeing tour.

While en route across the Pacific the twelve Rotarians organized themselves into a body, electing J.

J. O'Rourke of Colusa, Calif., chairman, and O. S. Blanchard of Grants Pass, Ore., secretary. "Among the cities we visited, and where we were royally entertained by Rotarians," reported Mr. Blanchard, "were Yokohama, Kobe, Peiping, Manila, Shanghai, Hongkong, Saigon, Singapore, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, and Honolulu."

## Cosmopolitan Trio

**A** COSMOPOLITAN debating team composed of a Chinese, a Japanese, and an American, students of the University of Hawaii, have set out as ambassadors

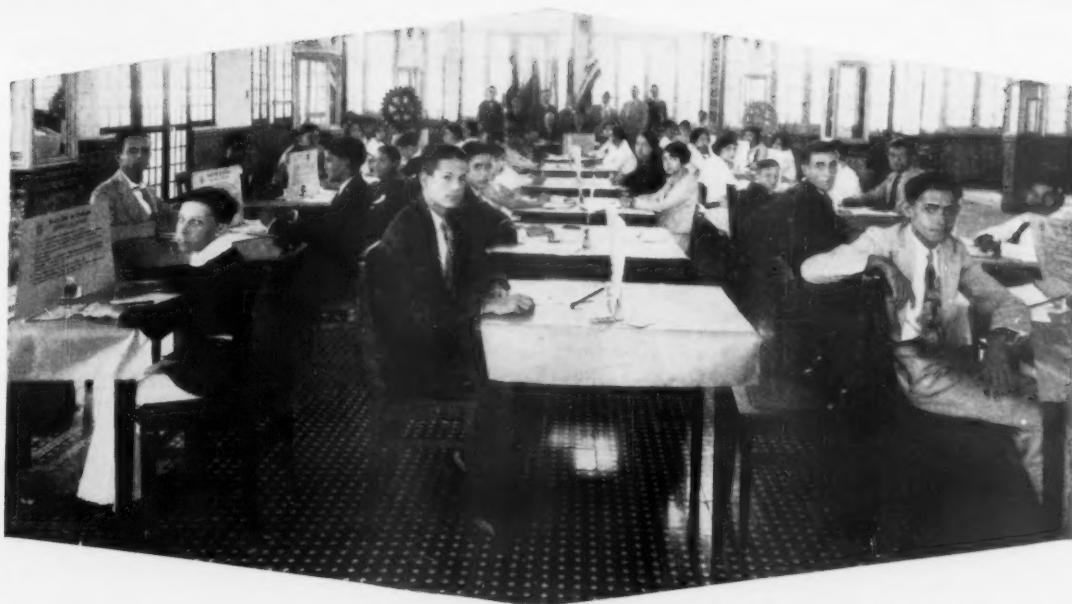


*Rotarians of Keijo (Chosen) Japan enjoyed the distinction of entertaining both the Governor-General and Vice-Governor General of Chosen at their annual family party.*

of good-will to the United States. They represent one of the great racial melting-pots of the world, where innumerable nationalities live in peace and harmony. Their tour is sponsored by the Rotary Club of Honolulu. Dai Ho Chun, captain of the Hawaiian team, eloquently explained the object of their visit to Los Angeles Rotarians recently, when the Hawaiian team was introduced to the club in company with the debating teams of the University of Southern California.

## This District Grows Smaller

**S**PANISH Rotarians recently enjoyed a nationwide inter-city conversation when the Madrid Rotary Club, led by Salvador Echeandia, governor of the Sixtieth district, visited the Madrid telephone exchange. Clubs in Barcelona, Bilbao, Malaga, and Vigo, (also Cuenta in Morocco) were in communication with the Madrid Rotarians, and happily exchanged greetings with the district governor. Thus do districts grow smaller!



*El Rotary Club de Cienfuegos, Cuba, celebró hace poco un Concurso infantil entre los alumnos de las Escuelas Públicas y Privadas de la ciudad.*

## La Responsabilidad Cívica

Por Ulises Irigoyen

**C**ON el solo hecho de *ingresar* a un Club Rotario, adquirimos muchas y nuevas obligaciones para la comunidad en que vivimos.

La generosidad de las personas que nos aceptan y nos proponen para ser miembros de un Club Rotario, la única forma de corresponderla, es juntando nuestros esfuerzos a los suyos y cooperando a llevar a cabo sus altos ideales.

Para muchos de nosotros ingresar a un Club Rotario quizá no tenga mayor alcance que a divertirse con un rato de amena charla, o saborear un esquisito manjar, al lado de un amigo que nos haga reír con su conversación. Pero para los que llevan una orientación perfecta en sus actos y en sus propósitos, en sus aspiraciones y en sus esperanzas, entrar al Rotario debe significar un acto de trascendencia y uno de los pasos más serios que pueden darse en la vida.

¿Por qué? Porque Rotary International garantiza a todos sus componentes; porque Rotary International asegura que todos los rotarios son personas de alto nivel moral e intelectual, que van buscando no solamente un mejoramiento personal, sino un bien-

Un Rotario de Ciudad Juarez, México, escribe sobre la responsabilidad del Rotario para su comunidad. También unos informes cortos de sucesos interesantes.

estar para la comunidad en que viven. Rotary International quiere que todos los rotarios sean personas dignas y conscientes. Rotary International lucha y seguirá luchando con mayores bríos cada día, con renovadas esperanzas cada año; porque sean los rotarios los paladines de una nueva civilización; porque sean los rotarios los heraldos que pregonen la paz y la concordia: la paz entre todos los hombres de buena voluntad.

Si nos pusiésemos a meditar seriamente en la responsabilidad que adquirimos al ingresar al Rotarismo, quizás a muchos nos faltarían las fuerzas que seguir adelante.

El Rotario tiene obligación de servir desinteresadamente a los intereses colectivos donde viva, a cualquiera hora que se le llame. El Rotario tiene obligación de conducir sus negocios de tal manera que cada uno de sus actos, de sus aspiraciones, y de sus triunfos, signifique no solo un justo orgullo para

sus compañeros de Club, sino un beneficio para su Comunidad.

Es indispensable que el rotario se deshaga de gran parte del egoísmo humano, para comprender nítidamente que además de los esfuerzos que haga para acumular riquezas y tesoros materiales, necesita hacer esfuerzos paralelos para adquirir joyas y jemas espirituales; haciéndolo servir como ejemplo a los demás, y que sean sus prendas morales como antorcha luminosa que alumbe y que guíe al mayor número de sus semejantes. Le es forzoso al Rotario ser un buen amigo, leal, franco y digno, dispuesto siempre a estimular los esfuerzos de los compañeros, y a ser modesto con lo que él pueda hacer o valer. El rotario debe ser la cima más alta a que pueda aspirar un hombre de negocios que cumpla con sus obligaciones, con su familia, con sus amigos . . . y con su Pátria.

Dichoso el que pueda vanagloriarse de ser un buen Rotario.

### Obras Caritativas

El Rotary Club de Villarica, Paraguay, ha proyectado entre otras obras de beneficencia, gestionar para la creación de una escuela suburbana hasta para cien niños pobres, dotándola de todos los elementos necesarios para su funcionamiento. También celebrar reuniones periódicas con los miembros del Rotary Club de Posadas, Argentina, para estrechar vínculos, y hacer conocer en el exterior las bondades climáticas de Villarica por la curación de enfermedades pulmonares y como hermosa ciudad de turismo.

### Distinción Rotaria

Aprovechando la oportunidad de introducir a la Liga de las Naciones el trabajo realizado y por realizar de los Rotarios portugueses y mundiales el Sr. Conde de Penha Garcia, ex-Presidente del Rotary Club de Lisboa, Portugal, y uno de los Representantes del Gobierno Portugués ante la Liga de las Naciones en Ginebra, habló muy detenidamente en una de las sesiones de la Liga sobre el programa trazado y el trabajo realizado por Rotary en pro de la niñez lisiada.

### Un Gran Asamblea

La Concentración Rotaria organizada por el Rotary Club de Chillán, Chile, obtuvo un éxito completo, dejando los recuerdos más gratos entre los concur-

## ★ Para Nuestros Lectores de Habla Española

(For Our Spanish-Speaking Readers)



rentes. Concurrieron delegaciones de rotarios y sus familias de Talca, Curico, Cauquenes, Tomé, Linares y Bulnes—este último club no está aun electo miembro de Rotary International.

Por la noche se efectuó una sesión rotaria con asistencia de las autoridades y las delegaciones que confraternizaron y trataron varios puntos de elevación del espíritu rotario.

Después del grato día de confraternidad un grupo de los Rotarios de Chillán acompañó a la estación a las delegaciones visitantes.

### La Semana del Niño

Del 27 de Enero al 2 de Febrero el Rotary Club de Matanzas, Cuba, celebró con todo el esplendor que en años anteriores se ha celebrado, la Semana del Niño. Es de notar que a initiative del Rotary Club de Matanzas, se celebró por primera vez en Cuba en 1926 la Semana del Niño, y el hermoso éxito obtenido siempre ha alentado al Rotary Club de Matanzas a celebrar anualmente tan importante fiesta.

El Rotary Club de Matanzas está laborando actualmente cerca del Hon. Presidente de la República para nacionalizar la Semana del Niño en Cuba.

### Concurso Infantil

El Rotary Club de Cienfuegos, Cuba, celebró hace poco un Concurso infantil entre los alumnos de las Escuelas Públicas y Privadas de la ciudad. Fué un gran éxito esta interesante junta intelectual y los niños premiados recibieron medallas, diplomas y obras literarias alusivas al tema del Concurso, los cuales les serán entregados en un acto público donde serán obsequiados todos los niños de las escuelas.

### Fiesta de Navidad

Una muy bonita Fiesta de Navidad organizada por el Rotary Club de San Antonio, Chile, en beneficio de los niños pobres de la ciudad tuvo verificativo el 24 de diciembre pasado.

A las seis de la tarde se embarcaron en remolcadores del puerto, un mil doscientos niños rumbo a la entrada del puerto, donde se encontraron con un bote de vela, que venía de alta mar, trayendo en su proa a un Santa Claus, con muchos juguetes.

Es indescriptible el gozo y alegría de los niños al divisar que de alta mar venía Santa Claus a obsequiarles. La gritería y aplausos fueron enormes. Santa Claus pasó revista a las embarcaciones regresando a encabezar el desfile de los remolcadores, que se hizo extensivo por toda la Bahía. Terminado éste, desembarcaron todos los niños y fueron llevados al Paseo Bella Mar donde formando calles esperaban el desembarque de Santa Claus. Este desembarcó y trasladó su carga a un burro muy adornado que le esperaba. Una banda inició el desfile, seguida de las brigadas de Exploradores y de Santa Claus, siguiendo así hasta el lugar donde se encontraban depositados otra gran cantidad de juguetes, que se decía había mandado anticipadamente Santa Claus.

Inmediatamente se procedió a la distribución de juguetes y dulces. Es imaginable la gran alegría de los niños al ser obsequiados con juguetes pero fué muy grande también la satisfacción y alegría de ver a los niños felices, que sintieron los dirigentes de esta fiesta, primera en la ciudad, los miembros del Rotary Club de San Antonio, Chile.

### Biblioteca Pública

La pequeña población de Baños, Ecuador, situada en las altas masetas andinas, en donde el Río Pastaza atraviesa la Cordillera, era casi inaccesible para el turista debido a las muy malas vías de comunicaciones. Recientemente se construyó un magnífico camino abriendo de esta manera esa región al comercio y al turismo. Los Rotarios de Quito, participaron de la inauguración y tuvieron una oportunidad de conocer mejor a sus vecinos. Como un recuerdo de su visita los Rotarios de Quito obsequiaron al Director de la Escuela Primaria de Baños unos libros educativos para comenzar una Biblioteca Pública.





# “Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak...”

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be “scared stiff,” trembling with the embarrassment and stage fright which has been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

## But When I Started to Speak, Their Skepticism Turned to Interest and Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces than I saw then. Here was I, the notorious “human clam,” the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhilaration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them, it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid

wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. “That was a wonderful speech, Mike!” he exclaimed enthusiastically. “Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?”

“Thanks, George,” I said. “But it wasn't really anything. Any man who knows how to use his powers of speech could have done just as well or better.”

“Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you, it was great! But say! What did you mean by ‘any man who knows how to use his powers of speech’? It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly.”

“That's just where you're wrong, George,” I told him. “Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those six short months I trained myself by a wonderfully easy method right at home, to talk as you just heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it.

### What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge  
How to address board meetings  
How to propose and respond to toasts  
How to make a political speech  
How to tell entertaining stories  
How to make after-dinner speeches  
How to converse interestingly  
How to write better letters  
How to sell more goods  
How to train your memory  
How to enlarge your vocabulary  
How to develop self-confidence  
How to acquire a winning personality  
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition  
How to become a clear accurate thinker  
How to develop your power of concentration  
How to be the master of any situation

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“Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking; I'd certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can.”

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

### Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless “Hidden Knack”—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon NOW.

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## Rotary Plows a Friendly Furrow

[Continued from page 37]

Department" or something on that order. Rotary apparently is willing to admit frankly that the farmer knows a great deal more about his own problems than the city man does, and wisely confines its efforts simply to a sincere attempt to become better acquainted with him.

It is somewhat of a surprise, however, to find that, according to bare figures, rural-urban acquaintance promotion stands just about fourth in the community-service activities of Rotary International.

In 1925 a questionnaire sent to all Rotary clubs revealed that only 322 were engaged in rural-urban acquaintance promotion. Since then the number has more than doubled. Obviously, the field for future development still remains a large one.

Figures, however, as every business man knows, never tell a complete story. Hundreds of Rotary clubs, without special rural-urban committees, have reported holding agricultural programs once or more a year, along with rural-urban acquaintance gatherings, sometimes in town, and sometimes—more preferably—in garages, churches, or schoolhouses out in the country.

In many other clubs, rural-urban activities, which have to do in large part with the rising generation of farmers, are placed under the direction of the boys' work committees. An examination of specific activities of 21 clubs in four different countries reveals that about half of their projects are such as could logically be classified under the heading of either boys' work or rural-urban acquaintance promotion.

**P**ARTICULARLY noteworthy progress in rural-urban work, under the supervision of boys' work committees, has taken place in Australia. Leonard Maddern of Ballarat, a city of 39,000 in the province of Victoria, tells a striking story of how the Dominion government, state, railways, and Rotary clubs are all working together to organize young farmer clubs throughout the Dominion, these modeled very much after the 4-H clubs of the United States.

Three or four years ago, according to

Mr. Maddern, Harold Clapp, chairman of the Victorian Railways commission, sent a special delegation to the United States to study boys' and girls' club work. Information gathered on this trip was made the basis of both governmental and unofficial activity among junior farmers.

Because of the important part he played in getting this work started, and his zeal for it, Mr. Maddern was delegated by the Hobart Rotary Conference to visit each Rotary club in Australia, urging co-operation in the establishment of young farmer clubs and counseling with club leaders as to what Rotarians might do in each locality toward furthering the cause.

Mr. Maddern is thoroughly convinced that the best way to establish closer relations with farmers is through farm boys and girls. A group of business men can do for a farm boy or girl things that it would be tactless to attempt for their parents. Efforts to aid agriculture, through aiding its youth, are almost certain to bring good-will, whereas efforts to help grown-up farmers, though equally well-intentioned and enlightened, are liable only to stir up resentment and ill-will. "We are confident," says Mr. Maddern, "that in the development of these young farmer clubs lies the salvation of a profitable agriculture for Australia."

Sometimes industrial or other urban interests in a given community are so important and close at hand that they blind both citizens and visitors to the real importance of agriculture there, which, instead of being concentrated and visible, is scattered, remote, and in large part unseen. As a matter of fact, comparatively few Rotary clubs are located in communities so thoroughly urban that there is no need even for inquiring into possibilities of rural-urban work.

Take, for example, the state of Utah, noted for its mining, with the greatest copper mine of the world at Bingham within its borders. Few would think of Utah as an agricultural state. And yet in recent years agriculture there has so developed that now the total value of Utah's farm products is greater than the entire output of its mines.

Even though agriculture has been generally depressed, similar surprises are in

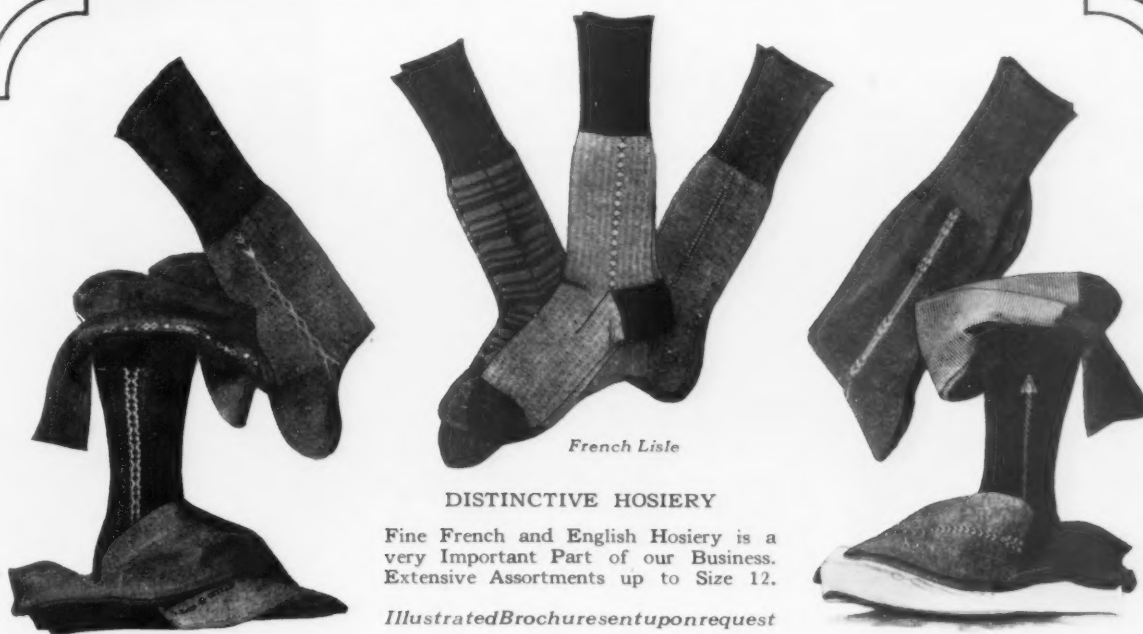
store for those who take the pains to compare total value of farm crops with total industrial production in many other states and localities. Until actual facts have been sought out, only the ultra-urban Rotary club is justified in assuming that rural-urban acquaintance work in its locality is not worth bothering with.

As an illustration of the almost universal importance of agriculture, organized farm bureaus are found in 2,280 of the 3,070 counties of the United States; many counties with important agricultural interests are still unorganized—there are a few even in Illinois, second greatest farm state. Surely, in any county where agriculture has reached the stage of setting up a county-wide organization of its own, rural-urban acquaintance promotion work is in order.

**T**O REPEAT the contrasting figures again, 75 per cent of all counties in the United States have farm bureaus; 22 per cent of all Rotary clubs have rural-urban committees. This is just one specific example of the general condition that, in most business and community organizations in agricultural communities, the field of economic endeavor, which we call distribution, is overwhelmingly represented, as compared with production.

That such is the case, and perhaps always will be, is no reason why a Rotary club should not make a serious and continued effort to bring about and maintain a more balanced condition. To accomplish this is to help in no small way the solving of the big economic problems of the day in America and many other lands—getting for the farmer his fair share of the good things of life. As far as each club is concerned, the main thing is simply—rural-urban acquaintance work.

"No community," said the Hon. Frank O. Lowden, speaking before the 1924 convention of Rotary International in Toronto, "is complete which consists of city alone or country alone. Intimate business contact between the two is inevitable. Now, if we add to that business contact a closer personal contact, if we can bring about a hearty and sympathetic co-operation between the two, life will be richer for both."



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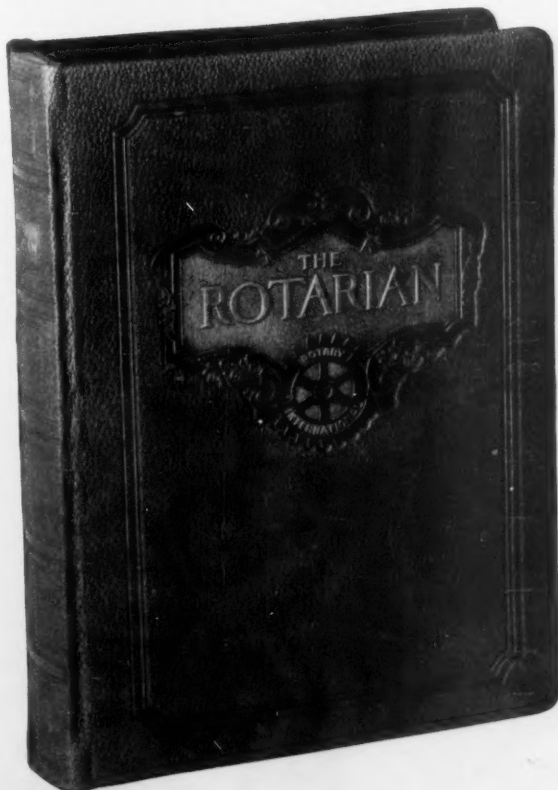
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## ROTARY'S Hole-in- One Club

*J. Roy Cessna, Bedford,  
Pa., Bedford Springs  
C.C., 10th hole*

*L. D. Farmer, Black-  
well, Okla., 123 yards*



*C. Raymond Bensinger,  
Stroudsburg, Pa., Shaw-  
nee C.C., 135 yards*

*Otto Knauss, Evansville,  
Ind., 95 yards*



*Charles H. Godfrey, At-  
lantic City, N.J., North-  
field C.C., 4th hole*

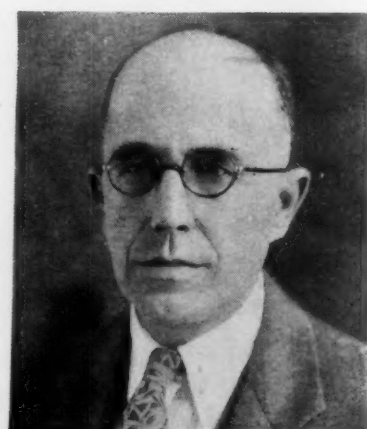
*C. E. Nordfeldt, Massil-  
lon, Ohio, Union C.C.,  
156 yards*



*J. M. Wilwerding, Seat-  
tle, Wash., 163 yards*

*Lee Boerstler, Henry-  
etta, Okla., 126 yards*

*Aces of Golfdom—Eight more Rota-  
rians who, with beautifully executed  
iron shots, have arrived at golf's "hole  
of fame," in a single stroke! It's  
simple, all you need to do is,—but,  
then, they will tell you—they all  
crave good listeners!*



## Who's Who— In This Number

**CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH**, M. D., past president of Rotary International, chairman of the 1930 Convention Committee, long active in Rotary International Committee work, lives in Fort William, Ont. Canada. . . **Merlin H. Aylesworth, LL.B.**, president of the National Broadcasting Company, first began to be concerned with the public mind as a potent influence, when he was chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the U. S. National Electric Light Association. . . **Dwight Marvin, LL.B., A. M.**, editor of the *Troy (New York) Record* is a frequent contributor already well known to our readers.

**Robert Lathan**, editor of the *Asheville (N. C.) Citizen* was the 1924 winner of the Pulitzer Prize awarded for the best newspaper editorial written in the United States. . . **Meredith Nicholson, A. M., Litt. D.**, poet, playwright, author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," and many other best sellers is also a keen observer of the political scene. . . **Harold R. Peat** is a frequent speaker before Rotary clubs. . . **Matthew Lyle Spencer, Ph.D.**, president of the University of Washington, is a member of the Rotary Club of Seattle. . .

**John H. Millar, A. B.**, is a writer on business questions. . . **George S. Chappell** is a prominent architect of New York City. . . **Donald Royson** is the pseudonym of a Rotarian widely known throughout the United States and Canada. . . **Glenn Frank**, president of the University of Wisconsin, is a former editor of the "Century." **Lillian Dow Davidson**, is travelling in Asia with her husband, Honorary Commissioner James W. Davidson. . . **Peter R. Flynn** is a pen name of a prominent Rotarian serving Rotary in a high official capacity.

## Stresses

**SKYHOOKS** are our cheerful hopes that Providence will interrupt the natural sequence of cause and effect to save us from the harmful results of our actions. They are no more effective in economic, and political life than in engineering.

In a simple society where men and women are well known to their associates, an undesirable person may be relatively harmless, because through knowing him people are warned against him. In our complicated modern life we must have relations with many people and in-

stitutions we cannot know intimately. Often, as with public utilities, we have little or no choice as to the one with which we must deal. In the unprecedented and increasing concentration of economic power in the control of a few persons, we are building a structure which puts extreme stresses upon the integrity and trusteeship of men in key positions. Unless these men actually possess the strength and quality of character necessary to withstand these stresses, the public will suffer.

To imagine that we can be unconcerned about business integrity, and yet

maintain a sound social order, is to rely upon skyhooks. Just as a competent engineer can foresee disaster to an imperfectly designed bridge, even before it is built, so an intelligent observer can see that unless our increasing economic concentration is directed by an increasingly high sense of trusteeship there is very serious trouble ahead.

Future men of power will be the products of our schools and colleges. Any educational institution is at fault which does not see the development of stress-resisting character as one of its chief functions.—ARTHUR E. MORGAN.



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## Rotary's Ambassador to Youth

[Continued from page 23]

sons and of attending to any other business. The only kind of education that is worth a snap of the finger, he maintains, is that embodied in Thomas Huxley's definition—that is to say, education having as its purpose the training of the mind and of the will to do the work they have to do when that work ought to be done and whether the individual wants to do it or not. He shows them how the will can be made to dominate the mind. Then he comes to the biggest thought that he wants to plant in their minds and hearts under conditions that will cause it to grow and fruit.

Dr. Barker believes with old Dr. Sam Johnson that courage is the foundation of all the virtues; he believes that it is the source from which all the other virtues must draw their supporting vitality and staying power. This, he says, is what Garfield meant by "a brave heart." He hopes to inspire the young people before him to the conviction that there is no higher or finer exemplification of courage than that which is called into play in everyday life, sometimes in simply saying "no" to things which might warp or poison their lives.

**C**AN he do it? They have followed him avidly so far but now it may seem that he is preaching at them. They may stiffen against it. He wants especially to talk frankly with the girls about things like "petting" and "necking." Some one may snicker at this point. If they do, his whole effect is lost. But his manner has changed. He lets them see that he is genuinely hesitant, that he is really fearful lest he create an impression other than that which he wants to create. Their mood changes to meet his own. There is not a laugh when he begins to discuss "spooning." There is not a smile. He thanks them that they have not smiled. That makes it possible, he says, for him to go on. Bit by bit he makes them analyze the whole thing for themselves.

"I want," he says finally, "to tell you girls exactly what every boy in this room thinks of you when you allow him to do

these things—but what no boy in this room will tell you himself." He tells them. Then, abruptly, he takes his seat. The whole student body waits breathlessly for a moment, then breaks into thunderous applause. He leaps again to his feet, stops the applause.

"I want you girls to observe," he says, "that every boy in this room has been applauding me on the heels of those last statements I made. Don't you know that not a boy would have applauded if those statements were not absolutely true?" He has done what he set out to do.

The impression has been profound. But will it last? Certainly it does not wear off quickly. Most of the girls who heard Dr. Barker at this first lecture in Asheville at the Senior High School were present that afternoon when he talked in the same auditorium to mothers on a mother's responsibility to her daughter. Most of the boys who heard him were present that night when he talked to fathers and sons about a father's responsibility to his son. I asked the principal of the school, Mr. Lee H. Edwards, whether these boys and girls were under any compulsion to be present. "None whatever," he told me. "They were simply invited."

Following the afternoon lecture so many girls crowded about the speaker that he could hardly escape to another engagement. Following the night lecture scores of the boys waited to talk to him and to get him to autograph leaflets of the lecture for them. In these two lectures he does not say anything that could offend the most delicate ears. He does not believe in sex education in the schools. He does believe in it in the home and his sole effort is to indicate the lines upon which it should be carried out in the homes.

But what of the longer aftermath? I questioned Dr. Barker about this. He would rather, he said, let others bear their own testimony. I did get him, however, to tell me a few stories out of his experiences, stories which I am convinced could easily be multiplied a thousandfold.

Three years ago Dr. Barker talked before the student body of King College, near Bristol, Virginia. The college is a relatively small co-educational institution under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. It has a student body of about 350. Its standards are high. Six months after Dr. Barker was there he met the dean. "I want to tell you," said the dean, "that after you left the president ordered that tests be taken to show the current grades of the students. He wanted to determine what impression the address had made upon them and whether or not it would bear fruit. About four months later the same tests were taken again and the average grades for the entire student body were 9.7 per cent higher than when the tests were made before. Some students had gone 15, 20, and even 30 per cent higher."

**H**ERE is another mass illustration. At Rochester, Pennsylvania, the superintendent of schools, Mr. Albright, introducing Dr. Barker, said to the students: "I am going to tell you something that will interest you. I was principal of a high school at which Dr. Barker spoke four years ago. There were about 900 pupils. I made up my mind I was going to find out whether the pupils profited by the methods of study which Dr. Barker had illustrated. We took tests immediately to show their grades. When we took the same tests four months later we found that the average grade of these students was 10.3 per cent higher than it was immediately after the address had been delivered."

But while figures like these interest educators they leave many of us cold. Here, then, are two stories of a different type. In the early summer of 1927 Dr. Barker was in New York with Mrs. Barker on his way to Ostend to attend the Rotary Convention there. They stopped at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Late one afternoon they started up in the elevator. The young man who was running it turned to Dr. Barker and said: "You are Dr. Barker, are you not?"



"Yes."

"You are responsible for my being here running this elevator."

Offhand, Dr. Barker did not think that was anything to be particularly proud of.

"Why am I responsible?" he asked.

"Well," the young man replied, "I was in one of the high schools in Los Angeles when you spoke there two years ago. Do you remember being there? I had decided to quit school that week. I was not doing good work in my classes and I wanted to get out and get a job. But I heard you. My ambition was aroused. I made up my mind to stay and go to work. I graduated from the high school and am now attending Columbia University and paying my way through by running this elevator a few hours each day."

AT ONE of the big county high schools in Oklahoma as Dr. Barker stepped into the principal's room he was introduced to the assistant principal, a very charming young woman. Her first question was: "Dr. Barker, do you remember speaking in the Central High School in Kansas City eight years ago?"

Dr. Barker recalled the occasion.

"Up to the time I heard you speak that day," she said, "I had amounted to nothing as a student. I was silly about the boys and did not know how to study. I just managed to slip through my examinations. Your address changed my whole attitude toward life. From that day I have never allowed any boy or man to get fresh with me. I graduated with honor and really I owe my place here, in a sense, to you."

The next week Dr. Barker was in Kansas City. He met the principal of the Central High School, told him this story and asked him if he remembered this girl. The answer was that when she graduated it was with the highest honors of any student in the school—a school with more than 2,000 pupils.

Stories of this kind might easily be multiplied. Within the week I heard the principal of one of the finest high schools in the South, a very successful school man, say that Dr. Barker, whom he had first encountered seven years before at Greensboro, had influenced his life more than any other man he had ever met.

During his stay in Asheville, Dr. Barker spoke nine times and as these addresses would probably have averaged

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an hour in length the wonder is how he stands up under such a schedule. The wonder is the greater when one has seen him in action, for into all of the student addresses he puts his whole personality. His talk at the Rotary Club luncheon on "By-Products of Rotary" he plainly took more lightly. One Asheville Rotarian who has belonged to Rotary clubs in a number of cities said that it was the best Rotary address he had heard in twenty years of regular attendance. Possibly so, but I was comparing it with the talk I had heard him make at the high school earlier in the day—and to my way of thinking they were not in the same class. He struck some sledge-hammer blows at religious intolerance and bigotry and told a remarkable story of one personal experience which he himself had had and which he could not recall without emotion. But his heart is in reaching the boys and girls of high-school age.

Of course, no man who did not himself practice consistently the rules of health by means of which Dr. Barker, as physical instructor to President Taft, was able to carry Mr. Taft through his four years in the White House without one day's illness, could stand the strain of constant traveling and speaking through eight months of every year.

The fact is that for twenty-eight years

Dr. Barker has kept himself in perfect physical trim. He passed his fiftieth milestone some time ago but he is quicker on his feet, quicker with his hands than any boy who hears him. As lithe and active as a panther, he can go from one address to another and at the close of the day show not a sign of physical fatigue.

**B**Y A curious coincidence, Mr. Taft, until recently Chief Justice of the United States, was in Asheville while Dr. Barker was here, his physician having ordered him to the mountains of Western North Carolina to rest and recuperate. He sent a message to Dr. Barker urging him to come to see him. The doctor went, of course, and enjoyed a very happy little visit with his former chief.

"I do not take any credit," he told an Asheville newspaper which interviewed him later, "for the amazing fact that Chief Justice Taft was not ill for the whole time he was president. This, I think, was due rather to the fact that he exercised regularly, though moderately, and, what is perhaps more important, has a marvelously cheerful and happy disposition. The more I study life the more I am convinced that worry shortens life more than hard work."

Golfers who played with Dr. Barker

during his stay in Asheville—for he found time for a golf game, too—said that he was as consistently cheerful a player as they had ever seen. And any golfer will tell you that golf is a sure test of a man's disposition.

The week that Dr. Barker was in Asheville marked the fifteenth anniversary of the formation of the Rotary club of this city. Some of the oldest members declared that nothing the club has done during these fifteen years had given them more satisfaction than the success which attended their bringing Dr. Barker to the community. Naturally the club had a good delegation of its members present for Dr. Barker's opening lecture. The interesting thing was that most of these men followed him about from lecture to lecture and they were joined by others—lawyers, doctors, educators, business men—not all of them Rotarians by any means.

If the experiences which attended his visit here are a fair example, as they must be, of his work elsewhere, then it is not strange that hundreds of Rotary clubs throughout North America should feel that when they adopted him as their own over ten years ago, got behind him and stayed behind him, they did one of the most worth-while things that any service organization could have done.

## Trailing Along Through Asia

[Continued from page 31]

with skirts a little higher than in Paris just to show the world that they are not stopping half way. One can scarcely imagine a greater change than from the bulging full robes of the *ferejeh* and concealing veil to the costume of a corsetless waist and skimpy skirt and they like it. They parade the streets, go to the movies, dance at the cabarets and do generally as girls do in Western countries anywhere. Even beauty contests are held and "tag days" have their place on the calendar and efficient taggers these girls make too. In the book stores one finds them interested in the fashion magazines. Many of them design and make their own gowns and they dress in exceptionally good taste and look much as our girls do at home.

Jim's first task was to obtain official

approval for Rotary for, unfortunately, an official permit—a very formidable document, it later turned out to be—was required and without it no definite advance could be made. He decided to go to the fountain head, the minister of the interior, who represented the last word in all such matters. It meant a night trip by train to Angora, the new capital, 359 miles inland in Asia Minor.

I will let Jim tell of his interview: "In the atmosphere of doubt with which I had been surrounded, the interview with the Minister of the Interior appeared to me a matter of the greatest importance, for without his co-operation there would be no chance of success. I had ready my most impressive documents, including a letter of introduction from the Turkish Embassy in Washington, fearing in the

rush of things that I would be granted but a brief interview.

"As I entered the attractive office, equipped much as a similar office would be at home, I found before me in His Excellency Shukri Kaya Bey, a clear-eyed, genial, cultured, wide-awake gentleman, speaking English fluently. He read aloud—it seemed to be his method—statements about Rotary of two kings, three presidents, five or six premiers, a dozen cabinet ministers like himself, as well as an appealing letter from a former Hungarian minister of finance. His eyes carefully searched the maps of districts shown in the Rotary Directory.

"'Turkey is not shown,' he remarked with a twinkle in his kindly eye, 'we must remedy that.'

"He asked many questions with 'Ex-

cellent' as his invariable comment. He then went over my list of a dozen Turks, marking the names of those whom, from personal knowledge, he could assure me were good men to help me with the movement. He spoke in a most friendly way and assured me that he was prepared to assist in any manner that I might wish. He told me to return to Istanbul and to say to each of his friends whose names he had marked that he was in favor of bringing Rotary to Turkey."

**F**OR six weeks Jim worked, literally night and day, leaving no stone unturned. Meetings were held every day or so, and every day calls were made. We were much impressed with modern Turkey's effort to pull itself up by the boot-strap, as it were, after years of corruption and misgovernment. Jim recalled the days when Japan was going through the same throes of internal readjustment and therefore had a sympathetic understanding of Turkey's present struggles. In his heart, he knew that Rotary would be an ideal medium for bringing about the much-needed contact with the outside world, that Turkey might be better understood.

Jim had succeeded in interesting a group of Turkish gentlemen, among them a graduate in journalism of Columbia University where, by the way, he met his exceptionally charming, sweet-mannered little Scandinavian wife who was also a student there. He had many pleasant meetings with them, succeeded in interesting them in the movement but could not make satisfactory progress towards actual organization: first, because the necessary government permit had not been obtained though every possible effort was being made by Jim to hurry along the preliminary steps in connection with this very essential document; secondly, because his Turkish friends regardless of their undoubted interest, seemed to be fearful of something that perhaps even had they admitted their timidity, they probably could not have explained. In this way, six weeks had passed and Jim had become desperately anxious to move on,—but you "can't hustle the East." We found out then and have had daily evidence of it in one way or another ever since, that Kipling's oft-quoted verse is sound advice and we read into it a deeper meaning than is often given to it—to take things calmly and proceed in harmony with the ways of the people.

*"Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,  
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles and he weareth the Christian down;*

*And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,*

*And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."*

The Turk, and this applies also to the Asiatic from Cairo eastward, deals with all matters in a leisurely manner. Jim has sometimes felt that his position and the necessity of his moving on, is not fully appreciated by the men with whom he is at work. He is continually being informed that he must not try to rush things through, told this even when he has been at work in a city for a month or so and with the knowledge that many countries are on our itinerary.

He made some splendid friendships while in Constantinople, one of which caused Marjory and me much mirth. Sherif Bey, Prefect of Police, and Jim liked each other from the first moment of meeting and the amusing part of it was that all their conversation had to be carried on through Jim's much-interested assistant, Nuzhet Bakir, and when he was not present they could just look into each other's eyes and smile,—a mute but effective form of speech that never fails.

**J**IM finally but most reluctantly felt obliged to say farewell to his new Turkish friends but promised to return to finish the organization if the permit was soon granted. When we left it had not yet been applied for, regardless of his frantic efforts. Much later, we learned that after the form had been drafted and redrafted, when it came to actually signing the application that none of the non-official members wished to be the first to attach his name to it. We knew how our friends felt. Would the signing of a document for the purpose of bringing into existence in Turkey a Western organization, be regarded with suspicion by the new extremely nationalistic government?

Jim had anticipated this and therefore, to make assurance doubly sure, had obtained the approval of the Minister of the Interior, the Governor, and the Prefect of Police, in fact the latter was the most helpful and enthusiastic of all the committee! Eventually, however, it was signed, but, meanwhile, we had moved on to another country; and after these

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hesitating methods, Jim began to have grave doubts as to the advisability of introducing Rotary into Turkey just at this time. One must not be too censorious.

When he failed, he was much depressed and I indulged in a well-deserved curtain lecture.

"Jim," I asked, "with twenty-nine countries still to visit, do you think you will be able to stand the physical strain if you take every failure, for you are bound to have some, so terribly to heart?" He saw himself that it was a pertinent question, his answer is well expressed in his official reports, from which I quote:

"My disappointment was most keen. I felt that in few of the many countries that I would visit, could Rotary perform so great a service as in Turkey, for the Turks need a friendly world association which they do not now possess. Furthermore, the great difficulties with which I had to contend and the numerous predictions of failure here had spurred me on to efforts that had called forth every ounce of strength, mental and physical, that I possessed, and I was very adverse to giving up.

"I had been told even before reaching Turkey that I would find the people suspicious, that they would not be able to understand that there could be any Western organization that had not a selfish

motive behind it; that they would feel we were there to profit in some direct way or at least to promote our own trade or to introduce our religion or serve some selfish purpose somehow. I was warned that the Turks would also fear that Rotary under the guise of friendship was an underhand effort to undermine their nationalism.

"I WANTED so very much to erase these suspicions, to convince them of the importance of Rotary to them. Rotary would have shown the modern Turk that there are a great many sincere, friendly people who do think unselfishly and have the welfare of Turkey at heart; and would have taught the Westerner that the Turks are making a determined effort to reform and that they have the right to work out their problems in their own way, and in general, to have obtained sympathy for them in their rather pathetic but heroic struggle to rise out of the morass of an ancient way and to become a modern, enlightened, and humane community, one that can play its part in the circle of advanced nations.

"I can comprehend their lack of friendship for, and the suspicion with which they regard, those who really have no unfriendly intentions and, fortunately, there are many such. The Turks feel

that they have been treated badly by many Western nations and by many Western people in the past who have worn the mask of friendship but who have ever been intent exploiting them in one way or another. Doubtless, it was to help rid themselves of what they considered a mess of intrigue and baneful influence and also to be out of reach of foreign warships that they located the capital of their new republican government in 1923 at Angora, so far inland and with considerable areas of inhospitable desert surrounding it. Unfortunately, in their condemnation of Western people, they group the innocent with the guilty.

"Naturally the time came when I had to leave, my Turkish friends still feeling that in a short time all difficulties would be removed. As I said goodbye I was a saddened and I must admit a chastened individual; but I hope a foundation has been laid that may make the next commissioner's task just a little bit easier."

Bidding goodbye to the Tokatlian Hotel, our Constantinople home for six very pleasant weeks, we journeyed to Büyükdere, the hydroplane port, several miles up the Bosphorus where, at the little aviation station we saw the machine that was to carry us to Athens. As the English say, it was a "topping trip" to Greece but "that's another story."

## The Blight on the College

[Continued from page 14]

their children that through education they may escape the straitened lives their parents have lived. As may be expected, these young men and women usually make our most earnest students. They may not have the highest educational ideals; but they have a purpose in coming to college, and when given enough work to keep them occupied, they are a source of satisfaction to the administration.

In the second class may be grouped those who register in college to satisfy the wishes—often the demands—of their parents. They have no interest in education as such. They would prefer going directly to work in the mills, the logging-camps, the banks, or the stores—or to be married. They would do much better, too, could they be put to employment long enough to learn the worth of educa-

tion into which they are being forced, and which in their case is all but wasted. For such students, having no intrinsic interest in scholarship, study only enough to pass, and devote their best energies to extra-curricular activities.

In the third class come those whose desire for an education is founded on sheer social suggestion. They cannot conceive the meaning of a burning desire for learning. They go to college merely because the men and women of their clique have gone or are going. They think of fraternities, sororities, football games, initiations, the glamor and tinsel of college life—everything but the fundamental purpose. Such students may be called students only by courtesy. It is they who, as Dean McConn suggests, make the gentleman's grade a C-grade. Having

no interest in education, they not only refuse it themselves; they sit in the seat of the scornful and direct their shafts at those who dare the pilgrimage to culture. That they are successful—surprisingly successful—is evidenced by the difficulty one experiences in getting a normal collegiate nowadays to engage in serious discussion of fundamental, economic, social, or literary topics.

In the last class are those who attend college with a fair degree of singleness of purpose for learning and culture. Usually these have a vocation in prospect. The vocation, however, is frankly of secondary importance for the time being. They have in mind the far horizons of culture that give breadth to the vocational life; and they are bent on learning the eternal, ageless values of civilization, without

which the vocational flame cannot be fanned to the fullest.

Contrary to general belief, the number of those in this class is very large. The younger generation is a far better and more serious brood than the older generation gives it credit for being. And those of it who are genuinely bent on an education, who are willing to pay any reasonable price for it, are in very much greater numbers than they are popularly believed to be.

It is a prime weakness of our higher education, however, that we are seeking to harness these four classes into one team. Any one of them might profitably be given education beyond the high-school years; but the effort at training the four together has produced much laughter among the peanut-eating on-lookers. Among others it has been a cause for pity and tears.

What the colleges, probably unconsciously, have sought in general to do for these four classes has been to find a democratic medium of instruction that would satisfy the largest number possible. As a result, the standards have been too high for the slothful minds and not high enough for the brighter students. And since it has been easier to employ the brains of the more brilliant students at half capacity than to flunk too many of the dullards, the dullards have been permitted to stay on, and the better students have had surplus time and energy at their disposal for athletics, for general extra-curricular activities, and for carousing.

One of my greatest fears for higher education comes from the certainty of harm to the more brilliant minds that must result from this conglomerate condition. For four years these students loaf away a third to a half of their time. Their tasks are so easy that they go into the world soft. They go, too, with an unjustifiable cocksureness that gives away often to pessimism and depression when significant success fails them in after years. Worst of all, they leave college never having learned to utilize their highest faculties. It may well be believed that one of the greatest sins of the colleges is their failure to develop the minds of their best men and women to capacity.

With the weaker students, however, one must also sympathize. Of the 300,000 freshmen who are said to have entered American colleges in 1929, less

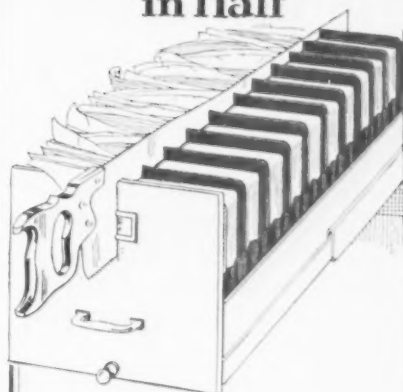
than 100,000 will graduate. Something like 150,000 will have failed in one of the most important ventures of their lives. The fault does not come in the failure in and of itself, but in the psychological reaction on the student in after-life. Always thereafter there will be that inferiority complex to overcome.

**N**OT all these students entered the universities, of course, in expectation of graduating. Thousands went anticipating only an exposure to college life. But the great majority had hopes of obtaining degrees. And the colleges have a tremendous sin of omission to expiate for failing to devise methods that would evaluate the abilities of such students with sufficient accuracy to prevent them from attempting collegiate work in which it should have been possible to determine in advance that they must inevitably fail.

When one considers, however, this heterogeneous body of dull, disinterested, and brilliant college students, and the staffs of professors with their confused and conflicting purposes in education, one may see how superficial, how futile indeed, is all the current effort at curbing intercollegiate athletics specifically and extra-curricular activities generally. The aim is at the effect, instead of the cause. It is like seeking to cure a typhoid epidemic while permitting the village to continue drinking the same old well water.

We are not going to cure present student excesses and delinquencies until we go back to the causes, until we get a homogeneous body of undergraduate men and women in our colleges who have higher purposes in education than fraternities, sororities, football games, and the glamors of social life. Nor are we going to have these homogeneous bodies of students until we have faculties who have definiteness and clarity of purpose in their curricula, who know how to make knowledge something else than an end in itself, and who make their class work as purposeful as the football coach makes his. The best teaching in America today is being done on the football field; but the solution of our educational ills will not come from curbing football. It will come by stimulating our faculties to equal the athletic coaches in effectiveness of instruction and back of all are needed better minds—better minds in the chairs alike of presidents and of professors.

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## This Boy Asked for a Dime and Was Given a Father

[Continued from page 35]

something of that comradeship that can exist between a man and a boy and the like of which can be found nowhere else. A room at the "Y" was arranged for, a job was secured for Jimmie, Ray became his banker, the two also deciding that Jimmie should call Ray, Daddy. Jimmie was a new kind of a boy.

Almost every day Jimmie came to see his newly acquired father, bringing him questions to answer and telling him about his work and his friends. Somehow the almost apologetic and yet devoted way in which he greeted Ray, always with the one word—"Daddy"—made something swell up in Ray's throat a good many times. He wondered if all boys worshiped their fathers as Jimmie did him. Well, anyway, it was just about the most precious thing that had come to Ray in all his busy life.

One day Jimmie seemed excited when he arrived, and his face was flushed. As he came near, Ray noticed the odor of his breath.

"Well, Jimmie, where did you get the liquor?"

"Oh, some of the boys gave it to me. Why?" And then Ray explained to Jimmie all that using liquor might do to him.

"Then you don't want me to take any more of it, Daddy?"

"No, Jimmie."

"Well, then, Daddy, if you don't want me to drink any more of it, I won't." And in all the years that followed, Ray never found any evidence that Jimmie had broken that promise.

**I**T WAS a year or more later that a crisis came in the young life of Jimmie. Ray knew something was wrong when the boy came in. His face was dark with a sense of trouble.

"I guess I've got to move," Jimmie blurted out.

"You mean, leave the 'Y'? And where must you go?"

For answer, the boy named one of the worst districts in the city.

"Why should you move to a place like that?" Ray asked.

"Well, they just want me to," Jimmie answered, avoiding Ray's eyes.

"Then there must be a girl in it," Ray replied. "Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes, Daddy."

"And where does this girl live?"

"She rooms on the same floor; I mean where I want to move to."

"Well, my boy," Ray said slowly and regretfully, "I've tried to be a daddy to you. But if you move down there, with the sort that hangs out there, on account of a girl who must be the wrong kind, you and I will have to part."

The boy sat up, startled. "You mean—you mean you wouldn't be my daddy and I couldn't come here any more?"

"Oh, you could come to see me now and then, but of course if you go with that gang, I just couldn't be your daddy any more. You know why, Jimmie."

For a long time the boy sat silent and dejected. Once or twice, Ray thought he was going to speak. Finally, however, he rose and hurried out. Ray gazed wistfully after the departing lad. Had he lost him?

It was almost evening of the next day when Jimmie came again. One look reassured Ray, but he did not understand the new determination in the boy's face.

"Daddy, can I draw the money I have, or part of it?" Jimmie asked.

"What do you want to do with it, Jimmie?"

"Well, Daddy, I just can't lose you and I don't know what to do about that gang if I stay. So I want to go to California."

Ray, wise in his new fatherhood, did not press the boy for more. He was elated enough by the victory that had been won for and by the lad. Under other circumstances, he would have been dismayed by any suggestion that Jimmie should go to California. But now he realized that it was the one way out Jimmie had been able to find. So letters of introduction were prepared and money provided for the long journey.

"I found your friend," Jimmie wrote after some weeks. "When I got to Los Angeles, I had only a dollar left and I spent that for a bath before I went to see him. He helped me to get a job. I'll be all right."

Ray kept in touch with Jimmie by mail as best he could, but he was not altogether sure just how the boy was getting on. More than a year after his departure for California, Ray heard his voice over the telephone.

"I'm still 30 miles away and we have had trouble with my car but I want to see you as soon as I get in," Jimmie said.

"And where and how did you get the car?" Ray asked, after Jimmie had arrived and greeted his Daddy and visited with him.

"Oh, I won it at Salt Lake City on a raffle," the boy said vaguely.

Ray was somehow uneasy about his ward, so he was not greatly surprised when next day he was called to a police station. He found Jimmie in a cell.

"Yes," the boy said, when asked for an explanation. "I lied to you, Daddy, for the first time. I did steal that car, with the other two fellows. But can't you get me out of it now, Daddy?"

**T**HEN Ray did something very much to his credit. He flatly refused to give the boy any assistance in fighting the charge. Instead, in a long and serious talk, he showed Jimmie as best he could that he must pay his own price for any wrong that he had done. Finally, Jimmie was reconciled, pleaded guilty and was given a prison term.

Then Ray did something else that not many men—and perhaps some Rotarians—would not have done. He stayed by Jimmie. Many another would have given the young man up as a bad job. Not so Ray. Never before had Ray been so punctilious in remembering Jimmie as now. His letters to the boy were filled with encouragement and expressions of confidence that Jimmie would yet make good. When good behavior reduced the term to the minimum, and Jimmie was freed, he went straight to Ray.

"I don't know whether I can tell you what I want to say or not, Daddy," he began. "I thought I had appreciated what you had done for me before. But, when you, alone of all the people in the world, stayed by me even when I went to prison—well, I just can't tell you what



it has meant to me. I've had time to think a good deal and I know what I should do now. Because you have kept on believing in me, Daddy, I'm going to try to make good. I'm going to try to do that for you. I'm going back to my mother in Kansas City and try to make a home for her."

\* \* \* \*

When Ray first told me the story, a year or two ago, he concluded with these words: "I tried to do something for Jimmie. But I guess I'm no good at boy's work. I made a good deal of a mess of it."

To that I answered: "I cannot follow you, Ray. You took a friendless boy. You kept him going straight except for one slip. Without a normal home for a background, he would have been a failure if you had not made yourself a father to him. Instead of being a piece of human wreckage, he has gone back to make a home for his mother. What have you heard from him since?"

"Oh, he got a job and he has had two promotions since, and he is supporting his mother."

"And you say you have made a failure of that job! Would that every boy in need might have some one to make the same kind of a failure with him."

\* \* \* \*

Just recently I saw Ray again, happening to be in his city, and I asked him

about Jimmie. Ray smiled. Then he said:

"It sounds almost like a fairy tale. He left Kansas City, secured a place with a grain-dealer and now he is manager for him. He has married the grain-dealer's daughter and a baby has just come to the home."

I doubt if a single member of Ray's Rotary club knows the story of Jimmie. I had known Ray rather intimately for a year, before he mentioned the boy and he told the story only because I urged it, on the occasion of an automobile trip together. I could not but think that he is typical of thousands of other Rotarians who are doing that very finest of all boy's work, that in which they give themselves. Men fine enough to do that intimate thing do not go about telling of it.

Ray did not need to tell me what Jimmie has meant to him. He did not need to say to me that he likes to think of the boy to whom he became a daddy and who now, after making a man of himself, is a daddy in very truth.

And is not Ray justified in feeling that of all the good things that have come to him in his life, none is so rich or treasured a possession as the consciousness of having had a part in seeing Jimmie along the way from that first desolate night and even through the dark shadows of prison, until now, when the boy has become a happy and successful man, husband and father.

## Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS  
OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE ROTARIAN, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for March, 1930.

State of Illinois) ss.  
County of Cook)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harvey C. Kendall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE ROTARIAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: Rotary International, 211 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Acting Editor: Emerson Gause, 211 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Business Manager: Harvey C. Kendall, 211 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given): Rotary International, an Illinois Corporation, not organized for pecuniary profit; M. Eugene

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers, during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) HARVEY C. KENDALL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of January, 1930.

(Signed) R. C. HILKERT.

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## Wanted: A Political Emetic

[Continued from page 8]

greatest care; heads of departments were summoned to explain or defend their figures. Two Rotarians were members of the council and their trained business faculty and long experience in large affairs made them invaluable on all matters touching finance. Their names should be written into this recital, for they present a noble exemplification of the meaning of community service of the highest character: Herman P. Lieber and Edward W. Harris. Neither is "in politics" as the phrase is used; but they are the sort of men who, if they see a house afire, turn in the alarm, and then run back to grab a bucket and carry water until the machines arrive.

**WE** FELLOWS had a good time in the council. Our terms expired in January and we gave a dinner to the new mayor and our successors. I think we had all experienced a feeling of regret that we were not to meet again on the first and third Mondays of the month and in our committee conferences. If our personal affairs suffered nobody whimpered. When a dollar was saved for the taxpayer we were happier than if we had saved the money in our private affairs. We took some pride in doing our job well. There was "nothing in it"—no satisfaction to be derived from doing our work otherwise. And to men who are wary of undertaking such labor I would say here that there are rewards, not to be computed in dollars, in rendering such public service.

If the reader is at all curious as to my political record I will explain that I twice failed of the nomination for state representative; I was defeated for the office of state senator eight years ago; back of that I refused an appointment in the diplomatic service and might have had another place abroad offered me by a president. There was a time when I might have had a nomination for mayor. For five years I was one of the trustees of a state hospital for the insane; and I served a year as jury commissioner. Small stuff! I didn't seek, and I didn't want, any of the jobs

I have held. And I never wanted to run for anything. But we do, I think, owe something to our country and its institutions, and I can not be laughed out of the notion that it helps round out a man's life to take some part in the business of government.

Through sheer laziness we Americans are prone to leave the whole business of government to politicians. But "we, the people" doesn't mean the politicians merely. They are only a small group out of the great body of citizens. And they are not really so important. A superstition has grown up about bosses, all calculated to establish the idea in the public mind that they possess some rare genius that makes them invincible. This of course is exactly what these gentry would like to have us believe.

The more a boss is denounced by hostile newspapers the more many good citizens are convinced that there is no use in trying to whip him. Of course the high-minded citizen is at a disadvantage in fighting bosses and their adherents, the little fellows, who do the dirty work and keep organizations alive. I am a believer in organizations; under the party system we've got to have them, and the more evenly balanced the parties the safer the government. One of the strongest arguments in favor of the city-manager plan (in which I am a strong believer) is that it lifts the choice of public officials out of partisan politics. That is to say, this is its purpose. But it is no good without popular support and the active participation of the best element in the choice of commissioners. Cincinnati has had good luck so far under manager government; Cleveland, on the other hand, has shown what happens when political spoilsmen get control.

Nothing is more curious than the indifference of what we call our best citizens to the problems of local government. Feeling that politics must necessarily be a dirty business they hang aloof and are reluctant to show their hands unless confronted by a scandalous state of affairs likely to injure their home-town's busi-

ness. When sufficiently stung they will wake up, and if they can act without making themselves conspicuous they will show their hands.

**S**INCLAIR LEWIS'S "Babbitt" is far from being the typical American business man. I have had pretty good opportunities for knowing successful men of business in different parts of the United States and I have found them quite uniformly a shy and diffident lot. The bigger the man the less likely he is to strut in the public eye. I have for many years been diligent in attending political meetings of all parties and rarely have seen in the audiences my town's outstanding merchants, bankers, industrial leaders, or professional men. The average American is wary of connecting himself in any way with politics. One might think that there is something disreputable about self-government from the fact that it is left so entirely to a comparatively small number—generally the unfit with only the lowest ideals of politics.

We jocularly refer to politics as the great national game, but it is a sport in which most of us refuse to become excited until toward the end of the eighth inning. But while "we, the people," are going about our business there is continual stirring in the party camps. There are conferences that never reach the newspapers; long before the election there are plottings and plannings, particularly where a party is cursed with factional disturbances. Factional fights, usually due to jealousy, are a great evil, for they destroy party morale and increase the likelihood of unfit nominations. It is in the blood of the average man to want to get even, and a party split is bound to endanger success at the polls.

**T**HE passion for holding office is not discreditable! If a man seeks office merely to get a job, that is not against him; he may make good! If a citizen is moved by an ambition to render a public service and he is willing to sacrifice his private interests to that end, that is the finest sort

of patriotism. This second class is exceedingly small. Places on school boards and the various boards under the federal plan of municipal government, are not attractive to busy men. And yet nothing is more vitally important to a city than to have these places filled by citizens of the best grade.

LET us consider for a moment the experiences of a first-rate man who is moved, or is persuaded, to become a candidate for an elective office—the mayoralty, say. I shall make a composite picture, drawing on cases I have personally known. He must first let the world know that he is willing to run, and having been, we will assume, a loyal member of his party, and a contributor to campaign funds, he communicates his willingness to the party leaders.

If his party just then is "in bad" they will lend a receptive ear to the words of this gentleman, even though he does not speak their political language. And, barring accidents, they will nominate him. But if the party is riding high, and its incumbent of the office is not under criticism, they will encourage our good citizen to go ahead. He goes through the motions of running in the primary and then finds himself defeated. The primary, once believed to be far superior to the convention system and giving the people a chance to choose candidates free of boss control, in actual practice rarely brings that result. An effective organization (or call it a machine) can do pretty much what it pleases in a primary.

If he wins the nomination our good citizen is in for a lot of trouble. His peace is destroyed. His status as a candidate is very different from what it was as a mere citizen, free to spend his evenings at home and ignore the telephone. The less he knows about politics the more self-conscious he becomes as he walks the streets saluting his fellow-citizens. He will be kidded by his friends for being so silly as to run for office. If he has never spoken to a larger audience than a directors' meeting he will find his required platform appearances trying. He must be careful what he says, for the most innocent remark will be so twisted as to make him appear ridiculous. And this is very annoying to a self-respecting man with a life-long habit of expressing himself freely. He will be misquoted; lies are likely to be circulated about him.

If elected to the mayoralty a first-rate

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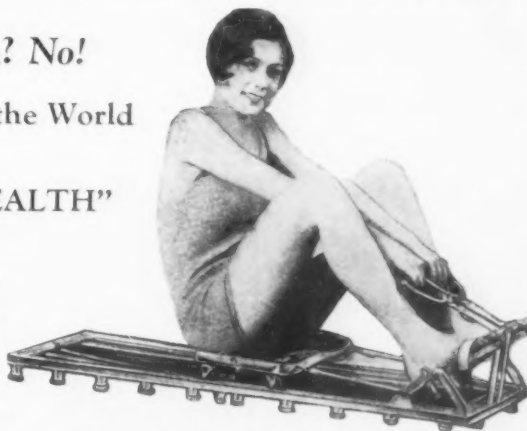
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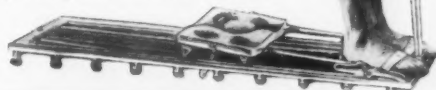
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man finds it difficult to attend to the important public business that requires attention. It is in his heart to do the thing right, but his time is broken up by the necessity for hearing tales of woe brought in by the worthy and the unworthy. He must, in St. Paul's phrase, "suffer fools gladly." Dealing with job-hunters is a terrific drain upon his time.

I am not saying these things to discourage the fit from seeking office, but merely to illustrate the patriotic ardor and the will to serve demanded of men who would take their politics seriously.

My personal interest has centered upon local government because here the demand for service is so insistent. The evils are susceptible of close scrutiny; indeed many of them are within the daily observation of every member of every community. It is an American habit to place great confidence in devices of government, throwing aside one to try another, as has frequently been the case in the substitution of the business-manager form for the federal form. Neither will operate successfully unless strongly supported by the best element in the population. It's all up to the voter.

**J**AMES BRYCE, writing thirty years ago in "The American Commonwealth" of city government said that in the growth of a stronger sense of civic duty rather than in any changes of mechanism, lies the ultimate hope for the reform of city governments. The trouble is that in the average community there is evident a tame submission to misgovernment until conditions become so rotten that citizens previously showing no interest in the choice of their officials are forced to assert themselves.

In complaining of the political apathy that so marks the American citizen I have frequently referred to the ignominy suffered by the few who really are not afraid to assert themselves. The term "idealist" really seems to be one of reproach whenever it is applied to a citizen who manifests a courageous interest in government. He is called a busybody, a fault-finder, and a crank.

I knew such a man intimately for forty years. When he died last summer his funeral was not largely attended, but the company was "fit though few." He had struck at grafters, incompetents, and spoilsmen over a long period and always

without the slightest reference to partisanship. He had carried a musket in the Civil War for four years and in his old age went right on fighting valiantly in good causes near at hand. The politicians on both sides were wary of him. It was in his blood to be independent and he tested public affairs by his own alert, vigorous conscience. He never sought or wanted office for himself and couldn't have been elected dog-catcher in his home town. But a mayor, with an important commission to create, where a new law provided that a certain costly work to be done should be kept out of politics, gave this man the appointment. He took the job and performed the work nobly. He was a "crank" in that he believed the taxpayer should get full value for his money; he wasn't for rewarding political heelers by giving them jobs that required skilled labor. He was hated quite warmly by men who didn't know that he took their animosity as a great compliment.

A community is lucky that possesses such a man. Here, indeed, we have the type of the real American freeman. I do not look at once for any great multiplication of such characters. Such spirit and talent for public service are as rare as the endowment of painters, sculptors, and poets.

We pay a big price for bad government, not only in ignorant waste but in casual and petty or organized plunder. I repeat, that there are not many encouraging signs as to the increase of those who really care and are willing to make some personal sacrifice for the good of their communities. And yet there is always somewhere a voice crying in the wilderness! Somebody steps forward from the ranks and volunteers for service. The rest of the battalion are relieved that he's willing to undertake the unpleasant and hazardous task. But a good many will think him extremely foolish to risk his comfort and ease in so hazardous an undertaking.

I know that every reader of these reflections who has followed me to the end will put down the magazine with a feeling that I have offered only old, familiar, hackneyed stuff. For that is just my point. We all know the whole story, but we are quite content to leave the security of our institutions to that mythical but highly symbolic George who lives around the corner. Still, it's not a bad idea for us all to worry about it a little.

## Is the Family Fading?

[Continued from page 28]

ing the particles on their way, instead of which I was delaying them. How often we waste time trying to save it!

All this would have little bearing on family solidarity had I been an exception to the rule. All hands had a fling at some instrument or other, the violin, flute, or, by personal selection, the banjo, guitar, mandolin, ocarina and, during the Blaine and Logan campaign, the fife. The parade of the Chappells' Zouave Fife-and-Drum Corps when my torch-bearer's dripping beacon lighted the tassel of my head-gear, will remain, as it was then, an inextinguishable moment of glory. At Christmas time we used to play "kinder symphonies" composed by "Papa" Hayden and Humperdinck, no less. The ages of the huge orchestra ranged from six to sixty and the stirring music was scored for piano, which bore the brunt of the battle, drum, triangle, tambourine, cuckoo, bird-whistle, sleigh-bells and pop-gun. What fun we had!

**W**HAT have we now to replace all this? Well, there is the radio which does much to fill all sorts of gaps. It even supplies religion, of a sort, but I have always felt about this as must have felt the artist who drew the picture of a man comfortably in bed, his radio beside him and a beatific grin on his face. It was captioned, "Listening to the Collection Being Taken up at St. Bartholomew's." Radio has even crept into the evening prayers of our little ones. It is related that while Doris was performing her devotions and was distracted therefrom by the antics of her kitten, she paused a moment to say, "Please, God, stand-by while I put out the cat." If we "get religion" by the radio, it is certainly a new brand.

Our screen-grids bring us all the great musical artists who do their stuff better than we did, and there are book reviews, mystery stories and playlets, which may be classed as audible literature. I esteem radio highly for it certainly keeps a family circle together and, with a little intelligent direction at the dials, is no small force in modern family life. It is some-



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and the Magenta monument, a copy of which was by order of the Government placed in the Square of Honor at the International Exposition at Barcelona. Comm. Castiglioni is an honorary member of the Reale Accademia delle Belle Arti and a member of the Commissione Artistica Italiana. The statue was cast at the Stefano Johnson establishment (15, Corso Porta Nuova, Milan, Italy) where orders are accepted. It is for sale at \$25.00, f.o.b. Milan.



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times hard to exercise this "direction." I wish you could have seen the expressions on my family's faces when I dragged them all downstairs at six in the morning to hear the King of England.

We have our movies and our motors, both of which may be disruptive or the reverse depending on how they are used. This is really the great point. If the *pater familias* and his partner will only assert themselves and exercise a guiding control, if they will only suggest a change sometimes from jazz and "bop-op-a-dop" to something slightly more permanent, if

they will go with their children to the better "pictures" and not say, "O, you kids go; I'm too tired," in a word, if they will *play the game with their children according to this year's rules*, there will be no disintegration.

Where this is done I can see Mr. and Mrs. Gander of today proudly leading their little file through life's barnyard with no break in the ranks. It is only when they wander off to play ducks and drakes by themselves, if I may mix my poultry, that there is any real danger of the fading family.

## 1000 Per Cent in Nine Years

[Continued from page 20]

Mr. Nunn has some unconventional ideas about the working-man.

"I believe and I have proved to my own satisfaction, that if you can show employees that you want to be fair, they will try to prove to you that they can be more fair than you. That's the kind of contest that is going on here all the time.

"I believe," he said further, "that when a man has nothing to sell but his labor, he should be allowed to sell it in the highest market. So, if any of our men get a better offer elsewhere, we want them to take it. I know other manufacturers do not agree with me. One of them told me of a man who was offered \$2 a week more and who was given the raise to keep him. 'What good did that do any one; the other company didn't get the man and we had to pay him \$2 more,' he said to me. 'But what about the man?' I asked. He said he hadn't thought about that.

"Then, I believe every man who is satisfactory, should own his job. That should be his capital. Every one here does. If for any reason the force is cut temporarily, those who had been working here are called first. They own their jobs."

**T**HEN, Mr. Nunn believes in profit-sharing. Since 1915, every employee has been allowed to deposit 5 per cent of his wages and share in 25 per cent of the profits, based on full participation. The fund, administered by trustees, now amounts to \$300,000. Individuals have been paid as much as 250 per cent a year on their deposits. This past year \$37,000 went to employees as their part of the profits.

Of course there are all kinds of meetings, business and social. At frequent social affairs of the employees, Mr. Nunn and the other officers thoroughly enjoy themselves, dancing with the shop girls and taking full participation in the games. As I went through the plant with him, he was constantly speaking to "Vera," "Tom," "Lucy," and "Bill."

Had I found the answer to the question asked at the beginning of the article? I said:

"Mr. Nunn, does it pay?"

Then I received my greatest shock. In obvious surprise and sincerity, the manufacturer answered:

"Does it pay? Does it pay? Really, I had never thought of that."

Then he was silent. He sat upright and gave every evidence of a man turning over something entirely new, something entrancing in its interest. Finally he spoke.

"Why, of course it pays; it pays tremendously."

Mr. Nunn is not a member of a Rotary club. I told him frankly I thought him one of the best Rotarians I had ever met.

For, here was striking proof that "he profits most who serves best." For all the financial achievements of the concern, I read in the eyes of Mr. Nunn and in his smile—he is always smiling—something richer and finer and more precious than the possession of much money. So, after all, I concluded it was no mystery that he had never asked himself whether it paid to treat his employees as he would like to be treated. He was getting something out of it that meant so much more to him than money!



# Why I Went to War

[Continued from page 25]

wraps the real causes of war in close and generous folds.

People, in an excess of sentimentality and eagerness to bring about what we all want, a warless world, are apt to go to emotional extremes. Today our congressmen and senators are bombarded by letters and telegrams asking for the abolishment of the R.O.T.C., the military cantonments of America, and even the Boy Scouts. To my mind this is all picayune and almost absurd.

Daily I strive for the permanency of peace; my hatred of war increases as the years go by, but I do not believe that the disbanding of the R.O.T.C. and the training camps will be followed by a permanent ending of wars. The Boy Scouts are a thing apart, and have always been essentially non-militaristic.

I consider military discipline in itself a fine thing for any man, and, God help the nation which allows itself to become undisciplined. As I go round the United States I fear that lack of internal discipline may be one of the country's greatest dangers yet to be faced. Certainly less lawlessness and more respect for authority would follow if everyone experienced a few months of severe military discipline. Physical drill does not make aggressive warriors, but it orders the mind as it orders the muscles.

**T**HE workable and practical disarmament which will eventually win, is progressing now, quietly, unassumingly and persistently, as it has been working for the past eleven years . . . the disarmament of humanity's mind—the advancement of the positive peace idea as against the negative, destructive thought of war.

No extreme pacifist can deny the statement of President Hoover in his Armistice Day speech that there are thirty million armed men in the world today—soldiers, regulars on a perpetual "stand-to." Nobody can deny that if economic reasons cause wars, then we should be fighting now.

The answer to all this is simple. Today the world knows war, knows it as a futile agency for the settlement of dispute, so the public opinion of the world allows the establishment of a Dawes Plan, a

Locarno Pact, a Paris Pact, and a London Conference. But, does the public opinion of the world intend to allow the passing on of this knowledge to the coming generations—do we want them to know that we, war weaned, have successfully avoided conflict during eleven years, and consequently, by similar methods, it can be avoided for eleven thousand years.

Deep in my mind, I knew at ten years of age, although I had then never seen a trained cannon, that my country was better than any other, that our soldiers could whip anything in creation. No one told me so in crude words . . . but I knew England had never been defeated on land or sea, except in a minor "incident" during the Napoleonic Wars when certain American Colonists, seizing the opportunity of our attention being directed to the Continent, decided upon revolt. I quote from memory of my own lesson book, because in the edition of a Canadian High School History of England published in 1925, and used in Ontario schools, I discover that a very impartial account of this "incident" is given in approximately three paragraphs. The War of 1812 is ignored entirely in this book—not even mentioned; however, the national song The Maple Leaf succinctly tells the end of the little trip into Canada of that year.

In Gordy's History of the United States, pages 125 to 191 inclusive, are devoted to the story of the "Revolution." This is the 1920 edition of the textbook which is liberally illustrated with many interesting wood cuts—including many war and battle scenes. One is of the Boston Massacre, where redcoats are shooting down the populace, but the text tells the students that there were three civilians killed. On page 231 of this book, paragraph 225 tells "in the War of 1812 she, (England) lost everyone of the six vessels that fought with Americans." Later, paragraph 227, pages 232-233, we find the story of Perry's building of nine ships on Lake Erie, then meeting and defeating the British six vessels. The comment on this is "This was the first time in history that an entire English fleet was captured." September 10th, 1813.

In my History of England there is

## Wear and Tear of the Hair!



"The popular belief that men's tight hats have a harmful effect on the hair is unfounded"—the term 'hair tonic' is a misnomer—"water does not injure the hair"—"cutting the hair does not influence its growth"—thus, one after another, time-worn delusions regarding scalp hygiene are exploded and corrected by Dr. Sigmund S. Greenbaum, writing for the March HYGEIA, on the "Wear and Tear of the Hair." You will want to read Dr. Greenbaum's sprightly, informative article, "Are You Losing Your Hair?" along with these other features in the March HYGEIA.

### How Sensitive Are You?

Do you blindly react to every emotional stimulus or do you direct your "sensitiveness" to help you get the best out of life? In "How Sensitive Are You?" Lauren H. Smith views mental hygiene from an unusual angle and gives helpful suggestions for controlling your sensitiveness.

### Safety First for Diabetics

Meals need no longer be tasteless, insipid affairs to diabetic patients. Varied, appetizing menus, safely fulfilling all the physician's requirements, are outlined in "Diabetic Diets." The relating of experiences with diabetic patients adds greatly to the interest of this feature.

### Human Anatomy Lesson, No. XII

An outstanding feature now appearing in HYGEIA is the vividly illustrated "Simple Lessons in Human Anatomy" by R. C. H. Harvey. "The Respiratory Apparatus" is fully discussed in Lesson XII, scheduled to appear in the March issue of HYGEIA.

### Children Who Might Live

In "Children Who Might Live" W. W. Bauer stresses the fact that the war against diphtheria is on and says the final victory rests with parents—"a magnificent opportunity or a dreadful responsibility, according to whether it is accepted or shirked!"

### All This and More in HYGEIA The Health Magazine

These are just a few of the wonderful things in store for HYGEIA readers in March and every succeeding issue. Health articles and information of general interest, helpful talks to parents, and special children's features make HYGEIA truly a magazine for all the family! And best of all, the information can be relied upon—accepted unquestionably as authentic, for HYGEIA is the health magazine of the American Medical Association. Why not give HYGEIA a six months' trial?

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Indications: Diseases of the Liver and Intestines, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Obesity, and Gout.

## ALBERGO LA PACE-GRAND HOTEL

Standing in its own beautiful park next to the Casino. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Private Baths. Daily through carriage: PARIS—MONTECATINI—FLORENCE

## LAKE OF COMO

## "LARIANA" Navigation Company

Quick and luxurious service for Cernobbio, Bellagio, Villa Serbelloni, Cadenabbia and Villa Carlotta—the pearls of Lake Como.

## GRAND HOTEL, VILLA d'ESTE

de luxe  
CERNOBBIO

Grill Room—Bar—Tea Room

## DOLOMITES

## Ferrovia delle Dolomiti Calalzo-Cortina-Dobbiaco

Connecting service with the Italian State Railways and service of tickets for routes to be arranged with all the International traveling agencies.

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## GRAND HOTEL EXCELSIOR e NEW CASINO RAPALLO

(10 miles from Genoa)  
FIRST CLASS—Open all the year 'round  
220 Beds and Baths

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TESTIFIES TO ITS UNRIVALLED CLIMATE

100 Hotels - 1000 Villas - Casino Municipale (Gambling) - Theatres - Concerts - Golf (18 Holes) - Tennis - Riding - Yachting - Bathing - Excursions

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ALASSIO Climatic Station—bathing place known all over the world—The largest and most beautiful beach of the Ponente Riviera—Numerous excursions—Municipal Casino—Amusements—Hotels and pensions of all classes. Apply for prospectuses, free of charge, to the Azienda Autonoma di Cura, Soggiorno e Turismo.

## GENOA

HOTEL BRISTOL *De Luxe Hotel - Genoa's Club meets on Tuesday 12:30*HOTEL SAVOY & MAJESTIC *Near Station and Port*

practically the same phraseology used in describing the conflicts with France, Spain, and Russia.

All of this must be interesting study for the youth of today who sees an occasional headline in his father's newspaper upon the Naval Conference which is now in progress.

So I went to War in 1914 because the boys were going, because I wanted adventure and fun; I wanted a free trip to Europe, and I wished to emulate the heroic deeds of my forefathers "to hold with the sword what my forefathers had paid for in blood."

UNDOUBTEDLY the peaceful penetration of good-will from one land to another which is the result of Rotary and its far-reaching international organization is one of the most substantial bulwarks in the hope of the world toward permanent peace. Some one has said "To trade with a man is to trust him." The fundamental law of Rotary is not trade, but its members are business and professional men, intelligent and educated, consequently when they are able to get together, it seems reasonable that they should be capable of proclaiming to the mass of the people what they have discovered as to the futility of active hostility and the uselessness of armed conflict in the permanent settling of disputes.

Inevitably it is the public opinion of the mass which has the last word—"war or no war."

Such an idea does not commit Rotarians to a policy of pacifism in the old-fashioned reading of that word, but it seems incumbent upon the members, from their greater knowledge, to interpret to the mass mind the succinct phrase of President Hoover—"There must be preparedness for peace."

By diverse means, the youngster of 1914 was prepared for war without the conscious volition of himself or his ancestors—this in Canada, despite a standing army of only seven hundred men, and a complete material unpreparedness for war.

I got my trip to Europe, but after all I have had to pay for it. Those small sections of me which scattered over a farmer's field at Ypres' front were my immediate cost . . . but, my children will continue to liquidate that travel debt—unto the third and fourth generations.

A Special Group of  
SONS and NEPHEWS  
of ROTARIANS

Will go to Asia this Summer to receive entre and special hospitality from Sons of Rotarians of Japan and China. Sailing with Upton Close, America's popular authority on Asia, on his special ship, from Seattle June 23, returning September 5 . . . at about half the normal actual cost of travel and accommodations. Education and guidance given by Upton Close. Fun and Music program under Alice MacFarland Close.

## All Expenses - - \$525

This grew out of the visit to Asia of three "young Rotarians" of Chicago region with Upton Close last summer. There is no other such travel opportunity offered young Americans today.

Fathers and Mothers may go along, first class accommodation throughout, for \$1050.—which is less than any tour offered commercially.

Write Quickly

UPTON CLOSE, care Pacific Era Travels, Inc., 25 W. 43rd., N. Y. City.

## SWITZERLAND

Sanatorium for Nerve Complaints

## Kusnacht on the Lake of Zurich

Receives all kinds of Nerve Patients. Cure of Drug Habit. Modern treatment of tabes dorsalis and general paralysis. Beautiful situation with large gardens on the lakeshore. Opportunities for recreation and sport. Prospectus on application. Two consulting Doctors.

Proprietor and Director: Dr. Th. Brunner

Salt Lake City, Utah  
HOTEL UTAH

GEO. O. RELF, Gen. Mgr.

Rotary Club Luncheon held here Tuesdays 12:15  
Visiting Rotarians Welcome

IN MONTREAL The Rotary Club Meets on Tuesdays, 12:45, at

THE Windsor  
ON DOMINION SQUARE

## ROME

## SAVOY HOTEL - Strictly First Class

Situated in the high and sunny Ludovici Quarter, in the most fashionable part of Rome. The Savoy was recently completely renovated and equipped with every convenience. It is the Leading Medium-Priced Hotel. Every Home Comfort. 70 SUITES WITH PRIVATE BATH.

E. A. CORBELLA, Managing Proprietor

## HOTEL PLAZA

High Class. Best position in the centre of the Town. The most up-to-date. 250 ROOMS WITH RUNNING WATER. 200 BATHROOMS. Telephone and Safe in every room. Exchange Office. Garage. Fuel and Telegraph Office. Roof Garden. Saloons for Banquets. American Bar. Orchestra. First Class Restaurant.

## HOTEL de la VILLE

150 Rooms. 100 Private Baths

Large Garden near Villa Borghese, Pincio and Villa Medici.  
M. V. MARCUCCI, Proprietor

# RAISING MONEY

## *all over the country*



### *For a Hospital in Wisconsin*

A new community hospital is being financed.



### *For a Hospital in Philadelphia*

Ketchum helping to raise \$1,000,000 for a new hospital building.



### *For a Hospital in Cleveland*

An \$800,000 project being financed in a public campaign.



### *For a Pastors' Pension Fund Nationally*

A \$1,500,000 movement in which Ketchum, Inc. has organized five separate zone campaigns.



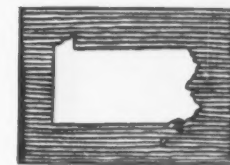
### *For a YWCA in Pittsburgh*

Ketchum lending publicity and headquarters assistance on a budget campaign.



### *For a Community Project in Illinois*

A Ketchum director assisting in financing a community theater movement.



### *For Boy Scouts in a Section of Pennsylvania*

A two-year budget program, with Ketchum assisting.



### *For a University in Florida*

A group-type campaign in a community where there is a large seasonal fluctuation in population.



### *For a Chamber of Commerce in Texas*

Ketchum assisting in a "double-the-budget" campaign.



### *And for Seven Other Causes*

Soon to begin are two campaigns in Indiana, two in Michigan, two in Pennsylvania, and one in Minnesota.

**A**LL OVER the country . . . in large and small communities . . . for almost every type of non-profit-making institution, Ketchum, Inc. is assisting in organizing and directing financial campaigns. The list here shows only those now in progress or about to begin. These include outright gift campaigns, and subscription-refunding campaigns as well.\*

The Ketchum experience of 15 years has shown that the least expensive and most successful method of financing philanthropic institutions is through public and semi-public appeals under the direction of a high-grade experienced campaign firm. Far more money is raised at far less cost than by any other method.

We will be glad to discuss plans for financing at your institutions. Write to any of the individuals below.

\*Write for information about this plan which pays back all subscribers.

## KETCHUM, INC.

### *Executive Officers*

CARLTON G. KETCHUM    NORMAN MACLEOD  
GEORGE KETCHUM    ROBERT E. GROVE

Pittsburgh Office—Koppers Building  
Philadelphia Office—Fidelity-Phila. Trust Building  
Dallas Office—Republic Bank Building

### *On the Pacific Coast*

Lee-Ferris Associates, Los Angeles



# How about Paper?

If you knew that a third of your Direct Advertising bill paid for paper, would you interest yourself in that item? *Well, it does.*

Advertisers and paper buyers have caught the idea of standardizing. They're going about it scientifically because they find it pays dividends to do the job right.

At headquarters in Chicago we maintain a laboratory and test plant where we study the buyers' needs and answer any technical questions. There's no better equipped laboratory in the industry.

It will interest you to know that every Butler Brand, whether a Bond, a Book, a Cover or an Envelope Paper, has been developed in the Butler Paper Laboratory, is manufactured according to standard formula and is finally checked for approval. No human or mechanical safeguard is overlooked to insure satisfactory performance.

Get in touch with your nearest Butler distributor and benefit by this service—it will pay you!

BUFFALO—Butler Paper Corporations—  
Mill Sales Division  
CHICAGO—J. W. Butler Paper Company  
DALLAS—Southwestern Paper Company  
of Dallas  
DENVER—Butler Paper Company  
DETROIT—Butler Paper Company  
DULUTH—McClellan Paper Company  
FORT WORTH—Southwestern Paper Com-  
pany of Fort Worth  
FRESNO—Pacific Coast Paper Company  
GRAND RAPIDS—Central Michigan Paper  
Company  
HONOLULU—Patten Company, Ltd.  
HOUSTON—Southwestern Paper Company  
of Houston

KANSAS CITY—Missouri-Interstate Paper  
Company  
LOS ANGELES—Sierra Paper Company  
MILWAUKEE—Standard Paper Company  
MINNEAPOLIS—McClellan Paper Com-  
pany  
NEW YORK—Butler American Paper Co.  
NEW YORK—Blake-Butler Paper Co., Inc.  
OAKLAND—Pacific Coast Paper Co.  
PEORIA—J. W. Butler Company  
SACRAMENTO—Pacific Coast Paper Co.  
ST. LOUIS—Mississippi Valley Paper Com-  
pany  
ST. PAUL—McClellan Paper Company  
SAN DIEGO—Sierra Paper Company  
SAN FRANCISCO—Pacific Coast Paper Co.  
TULSA—Missouri-Interstate Paper Company

# Butler Paper



